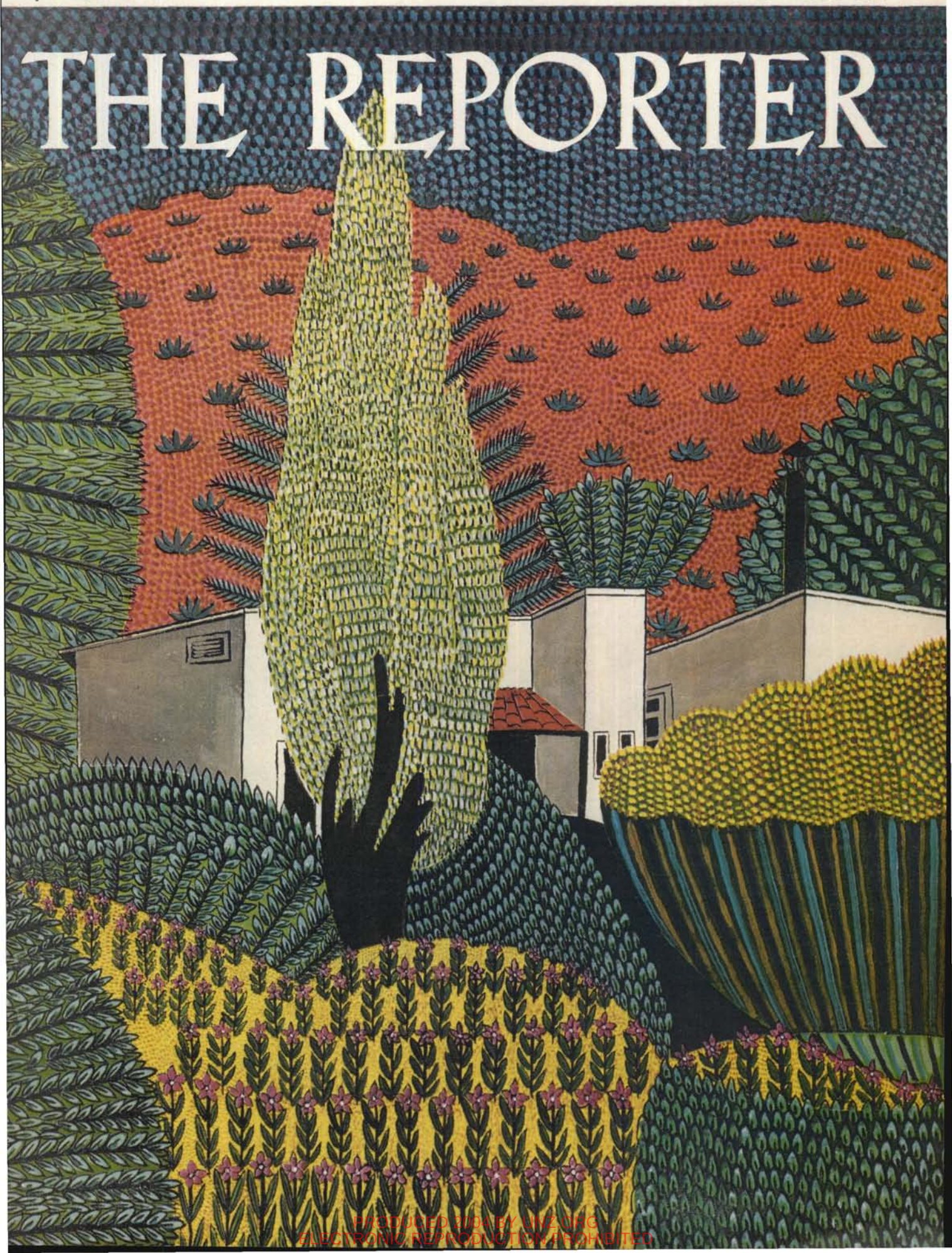
Ronald Reagan Plays Surgeon

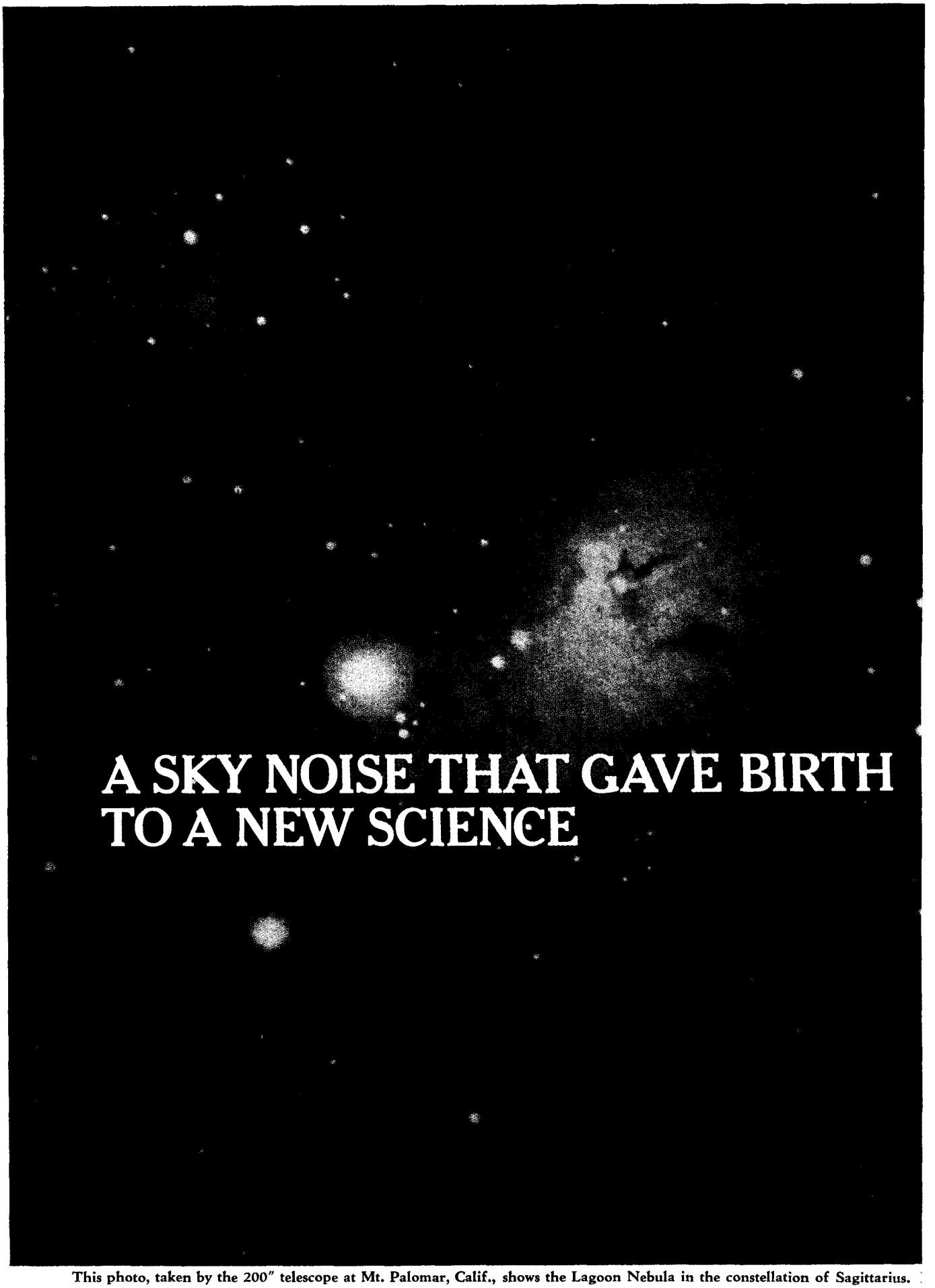
April 6, 1967 35¢

THE UNKNOWABLE CIA

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A SKY NOISE THAT GAVE BIRTH TO A NEW SCIENCE

This photo, taken by the 200″ telescope at Mt. Palomar, Calif., shows the Lagoon Nebula in the constellation of Sagittarius. It was in this direction that Jansky located the source of the mysterious sky noise. (Photo courtesy of Fels Planetarium, Phila., Pa.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE & SOCIETY

A briefing on the role played by Bell Telephone Laboratories. One of a series.

Man has always studied the heavens. He has photographed, measured, and recorded. Yet, for all his efforts, his knowledge was limited to what he could learn from beams of light.

Then, in 1931, a researcher at Bell Telephone Laboratories caught a glimpse of something more.

He was Karl G. Jansky, a young engineer fresh out of the University of Wisconsin. His first assignment—in 1928—was to track down the sources of radio noises which interfere with overseas and ship-to-shore communications.

Jansky began listening for these noises with the finest equipment then available. He modified a standard low-noise receiver and designed some additional pieces himself. The "ear" of his rig—erected at Holmdel, New Jersey—was a 100-foot-long rotatable directional antenna adapted from a Bell System design then used in Long Distance telephone service.

Discovers Strange Noise

Jansky swung his antenna through a complete circle every 20 minutes. Gradually he realized that the "noise" he had been studying was really three noises: one from local thunderstorms, another from distant thunderstorms, and a mysterious "steady hiss static."

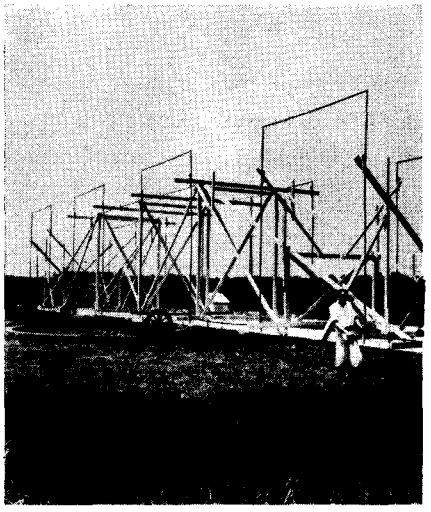
Jansky concentrated on this hiss. He found that its source drifted across the sky, that it came from the direction of Sagittarius, part of which is shown in the picture to the left. In this direction, too, lay the center of the Milky Way, our galaxy. After several years of work, Jansky was able to confirm that the galactic center was indeed the source of the hiss.

He thus gave the world a new view of the skies and a whole new science: *radio astronomy*.

Radio Versus Light

Light—a kind of radio signal, but at extremely high frequencies—has certain limitations. It is obscured by clouds and the sun is so bright that little else is seen in the daytime sky. Radio astronomy knows no such problems.

It was World War II that sparked today's widespread interest in radio astronomy. Radio communications, detection, and guidance mushroomed. When cosmic noises interfered, scientists remembered Jansky's findings and became familiar with his concepts. After the war, newly developed sensitive antennas and receivers became available and radio astronomy became a major science.



Karl Jansky with an early antenna. When he aimed it at the center of the Milky Way, he heard a peculiar kind of hissing static.

Now there are well-equipped centers throughout the world. In the United States they number in the dozens; the largest is the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia.

Earth's Galaxy Now Visible

Radio astronomy allows us to "see" for the first time the major portion of our own galaxy . . . once obscured by interstellar dust and gas. It has led to the identification of a new class of galaxy-like objects called "Quasars" (quasi-stellar radio sources) by the powerful radio signals they emit. (True stars—other than our own sun—are too distant to be detected in their normal state by radio.) And it has enabled us to make a radio map of the skies much as the ancients did for visible celestial bodies.

Radio astronomy may have provided a clue to the history of the universe by discovering Cassiopeia A, an exploded star shrouded in luminous gas. Bell Laboratories scientists, receiving its noise in 1964, found—as had Jansky—an unexpected signal. Princeton University physicists had predicted such a signal; they suspect it is a remnant of ten-billion-year-old heat. If so, this means that the universe was once a vastly smaller "fireball."

A Classic Discovery

The story of Karl Jansky's discovery is a classic example of an important aspect of science. Jansky did not set out to "invent" radio astronomy. His real problem was to investigate and try to overcome the static that often interfered with long distance radio communications.

But his inquiring mind perceived a new and unexplained phenomenon hidden in a mass of data. By recognizing its importance, Jansky made a significant contribution to man's store of knowledge, quite apart from the solution to his original problem.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

13/13 Vietnam: Search & Destroy

A photographic essay by GORDON BAXTER

From the introduction by **CHET HUNTLEY:**

"A valuable contribution to understanding what the American soldier is doing."

On February 13, the men of India Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines, moved into the village of Tha Binh. Before it was secure, they had lost 13 men. With camera and an accurate eye, Gordon Baxter takes you with this unit to share the fear and the fury of combat.

From **GENERAL WALLACE M. GREENE, JR.,** *Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps:—*

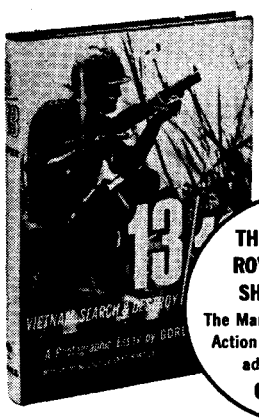
"... my compliments to Mr. Baxter on a perceptive and thorough job of reporting. Mr. Baxter's photographic essay is significant in this regard, as a graphically documented chronicle of a crucial time in United States and world history."

From **EVERETT M. DIRKSEN,** *Senator from Illinois:—*

"Mr. Baxter's episodic view of our military operations in Vietnam is an excellent pictorial synopsis of the total story. Mr. Baxter is to be congratulated for his excellent work in telling us what this commitment is and what this dedication means to those directly involved."

From **RALPH W. YARBOROUGH,** *Senator from Texas:—*

"13/13 can hold its own with any photo-journalism I have seen on the Vietnam war. It shows what was seen and reports what was heard to make a timely document on the face of war."



JUST PUBLISHED

THE AUTHOR'S ROYALTIES ARE SHARED WITH The Marine Corps Reserve Action Fund for Vietnam administered by **CARE, INC.**

At your bookstore now.

$6.95 *105 photographs, 17 in full color*

The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York
A Subsidiary of The Times-Mirror Company

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton *Managing Editor,* Donald A. Allan
Senior Editor, Derek Morgan *Washington Editor,* Meg Greenfield
Art Director, Reg Massie *Literary Editor,* Nora Magid
Associate Editor, Kenneth Goodall *Copy Editor,* Elizabeth Stille
Writers: Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, George Bailey, Denis Warner
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Mng. Ed.*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson, Jr., Lee Culpepper, Elizabeth N. Layne
General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Advertising,* Roger J. Lederer
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander *Production Manager,* Rudolph Ford
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza *Asst. Circ. Mgr.,* Natalie S. Garr
Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 36, NO. 7 **APRIL 6, 1967**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 6

THAT LIVING ANACHRONISM—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10

The Political Stage

RONALD REAGAN PLAYS SURGEON . . . . . *Fawn M. Brodie* 11

NEW ORLEANS: ACT I . . . . . *Jerry Cohen and Nicholas C. Chriss* 17

At Home & Abroad

THE UNKNOWABLE CIA . . . . . *Christopher Felix* 20

DE GAULLE SURVEYS THE DAMAGE . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 29

HOW THE MARINES FIGHT THE 'OTHER WAR' . . . . . *Sherwood Dickerman* 31

JAPAN'S COMMUNISTS: RICH AND CAUTIOUS . . . . . *Arthur J. Dommen* 33

Views & Reviews

WE FILLED PAGE FOUR . . . . . *Gordon Clark* 37

THE CAPTIVE (VERSE) . . . . . *William Childress* 39

BUNDLES FROM BRITAIN . . . . . *Sarel Eimerl* 40

ARMCHAIR OPERA . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 44

THE PARK IN THE PLAYHOUSE . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 47

Books:

DEFINITIVE DISRAELI . . . . . *Gordon A. Craig* 48

REDEEMER'S DOWNFALL . . . . . *Tibor Szamuely* 50

HOT AND COLD SOCIETIES . . . . . *Robert Sklar* 52

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 35

THE REPORTER, April 6, 1967, Volume 36, No. 7. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021.

© 1967 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, Box 501, Des Moines, Iowa 50302.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800.
Washington Office: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006; (202) 298-8186.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUDSON BOOK CLUB DEMONSTRATION OFFER

Take one for as little as $1

with a cancellable trial membership

{Even the $25 LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY costs you only $5}

DIARY OF AN ART DEALER. By René Gimpel. "No less precious a record of its period than *Remembrance of Things Past.*"—*Herbert Read.* 477 pp., 52 illus. List $10.95 **$2**

MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. By Hans Koepf. 3500 years from Crete to Giacometti. 420 illus., many in color. 10" x 12". List $25.00 **$5**

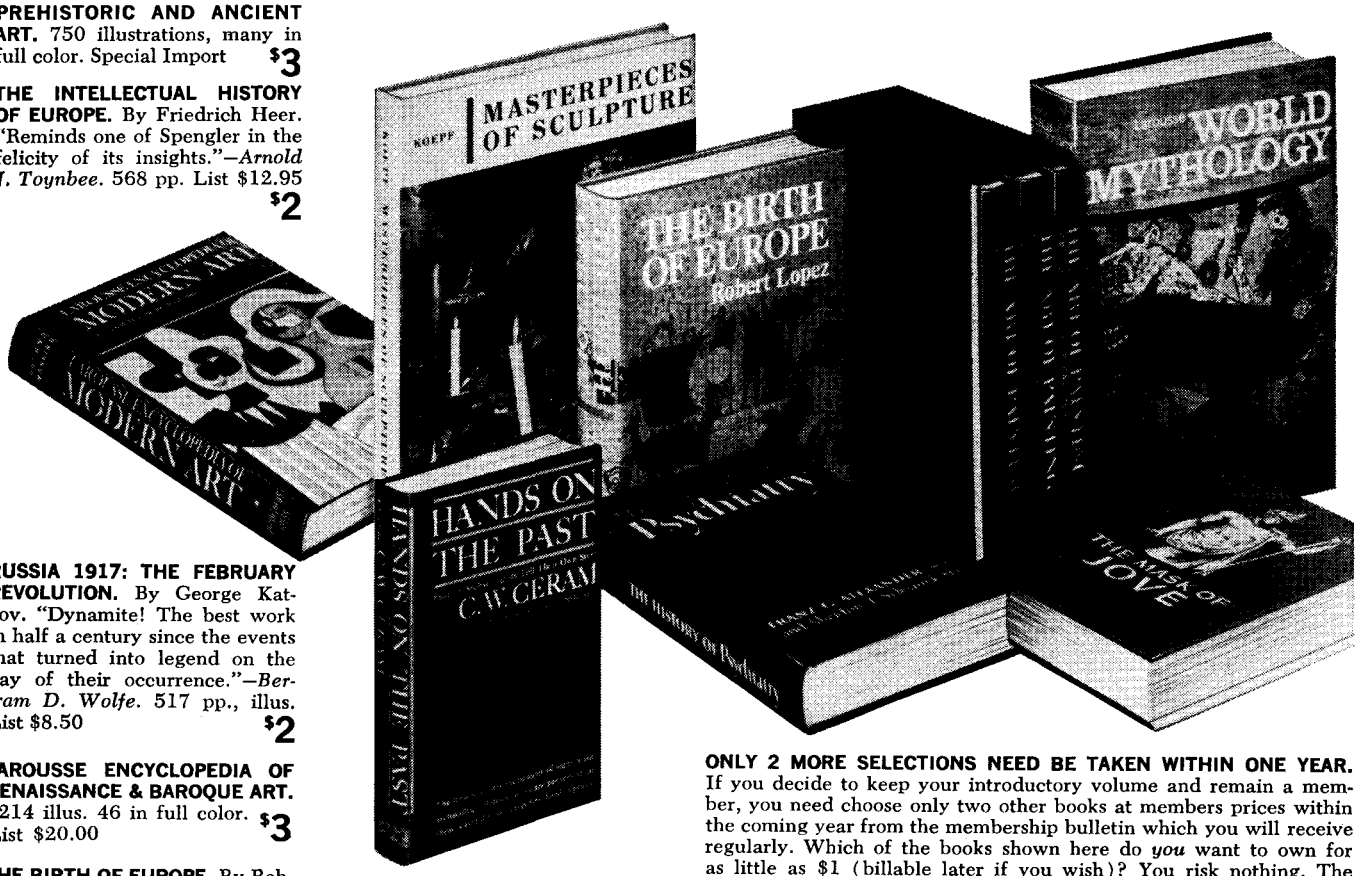
LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART. 750 illustrations, many in full color. Special Import **$3**

THE INTELLECTUAL HISTORY OF EUROPE. By Friedrich Heer. "Reminds one of Spengler in the felicity of its insights."—*Arnold J. Toynbee.* 568 pp. List $12.95 **$2**

THE HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRY. Franz Alexander's chronicle of psychiatrists and their baffling patients through the ages. Illus. List $11.95 **$2**

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES. Ed. by Thomas Craven. The most highly praised art book of our time. 650 reproductions, 161 in full color. List $8.95 **$3**

SAVE AS MUCH AS $25.00 IF YOU ACT NOW. The distinguished books shown here are examples of the important reading offered regularly to members of the HUDSON BOOK CLUB at reduced prices. Limited quantities have been set aside for this trial membership offer. It makes good sense to send today for the volume of your choice and see for yourself how the HUDSON BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with others who share your tastes, saving you an average of 50% by means of reduced prices and free Bonus Books. If not delighted, simply return the book within two weeks and your trial membership will be canceled without cost or obligation.



RUSSIA 1917: THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION. By George Katkov. "Dynamite! The best work in half a century since the events that turned into legend on the day of their occurrence."—*Bertram D. Wolfe.* 517 pp., illus. List $8.50 **$2**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RENAISSANCE & BAROQUE ART. 1214 illus. 46 in full color. List $20.00 **$3**

THE BIRTH OF EUROPE. By Robert Lopez. "The best synthesis of the Middle Ages I have ever read."—*G. P. Cuttino.* 480 pp. 145 illus. List $15.00 **$2**

DEITIES AND DOLPHINS. By Nelson Glueck. The lost world of the Nabataeans and their lush Semito-Hellenic capital, "Petra, half as old as time." 662 pp. 7¾" x 10¼". 484 illus. List $15.00 **$3**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BYZANTINE & MEDIEVAL ART. Over 1000 illus., 36 in full color. List $17.95 **$3**

ETERNAL EGYPT. By Pierre Montet. A history of mighty Egypt—Pharaoh, slave, empire and exotic gods. 172 illus. List $6.95 **$1**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN ART. Over 1200 illus., 56 in full color. List $20.00 **$3**

ART OF PAINTING. Ed. by Pierre Seghers. Artists on art from prehistory to Klee. 3 volumes, illus. in full color. List $30 **$5**

LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY. In one monumental volume with 670 illus. 49 in full color. 600 pp. 8½" x 11¾". List $25.00 **$5**

THE MASK OF JOVE. By Stringfellow Barr. "Makes Imperial Rome credible to Imperial America."—*Gerald W. Johnson.* 640 pp., illus. List $15.00 **$1**

ONLY 2 MORE SELECTIONS NEED BE TAKEN WITHIN ONE YEAR. If you decide to keep your introductory volume and remain a member, you need choose only two other books at members prices within the coming year from the membership bulletin which you will receive regularly. Which of the books shown here do *you* want to own for as little as $1 (billable later if you wish)? You risk nothing. The quantities available for this special offer are necessarily limited. To avoid disappointment, mail the coupon today.

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH THIS COUPON

HUDSON BOOK CLUB 131 Varick Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club. As my first selection, send me the following book.

.....

(Title of book you choose. One to a customer.)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return the book within two weeks and my membership will be canceled without cost or obligation. If I elect to remain a member, I need choose only two more books at Members' Prices during the coming year and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....Zip Code .....

☐ Remittance enclosed. Club pays shipping. Same cancellation privilege.

☐ Please bill me for this order plus shipping charges.

RH-133

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books worth keeping

PUBLISHED BY
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

THE WILD TURKEY

Its History and Domestication. By A. W. Schorger. The 500-year story of the most valuable bird the New World has produced—from its first discovery by Europeans to its present distribution all over the world. Illustrated. 640 pages. $10

THE TRIUMPH OF BOLSHEVISM

Revolution or Reaction? By Stuart Ramsay Tompkins. This book shows why the Bolshevik takeover was not a true revolution, but a return to earlier, typical Russian patterns of national behavior. $5.95

THE MIXTEC KINGS AND THEIR PEOPLE

By Ronald Spores. The unique civilization, before and after the Spanish Conquest, of a Mexican tribe who were among the greatest of the pre-Columbian artists. Illustrated. $5.95

PALENQUE

The Walker-Caddy Expedition to the Ancient Maya City, 1839-1840. Edited by David Pendergast. The story of a little-known expedition that reached Palenque well before the famous visit of Stephens and Catherwood. Illustrated. $6.95

THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY

A Partial History. By Neil M. Judd. How the old "B.A.E." collected and preserved a wealth of anthropological data on the American Indian from 1879 to 1945. $4.95

THE 1826 JOURNAL OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Edited and with an Introduction by Alice Ford. A poignant record of Audubon's journey to Britain, where he sought sponsors for the expensive project of publishing *The Birds of America.* Profusely illustrated. 6" x 9". $7.95

RUDYARD KIPLING'S INDIA

By K. Bhaskara Rao. How Kipling's early writings created enduring bitterness and misunderstanding between Englishman and Indian. $5.95

Now at your bookstore

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
Norman, Oklahoma

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** continues the examination he began in our last issue of the political crisis that divides the nation into two Americas.

Accustomed as we are to California's record for eccentric politics on the one hand and for generating movements that spread nationwide on the other, we are nevertheless taken aback to see the two elements combined in the person of Governor Ronald Reagan. That California could elect a Reagan was at least explainable; that such a man should now be thought of as a serious contender for the Republican Presidential nomination is beyond anything one could have dreamed of a few years ago. What the implications are for the country is suggested by **Fawn M. Brodie** in her report on Reagan's first months in office. Mrs. Brodie is a noted biographer whose *The Devil Drives: A Life of Sir Richard Burton* will be published in June by Norton. . . . Another example of the role of the improbable in American life is described by **Jerry Cohen** and **Nicholas C. Chriss,** respectively a city reporter and the Houston bureau chief of the Los Angeles *Times.* They have been in New Orleans covering the fantastic investigation by District Attorney Jim Garrison into an alleged conspiracy to kill President Kennedy that links Lee Harvey Oswald to local figures and, more important, involves the integrity of the Federal government.

In the clamor of indignation over the disclosures of CIA activities, certain misconceptions of the agency's work should not go unchallenged. An American who has served at home and abroad in three different U.S. intelligence agencies, writing here under the pseudonym **Christopher Felix,** puts some of the prevalent loose thinking into a perspective of history and potential reality. . . . In the wake of his narrow squeak in the French legislative elections, Charles de Gaulle is discovering some of the uses of adversity. A number of his most pressing current problems with the revived Popular Front, according to our Paris-based staff writer **Edmond Taylor,** may turn out to bear the seeds of future advantage and the strengthening of Gaullism. . . . The recent top-level meeting in Guam underscored the importance of the programs undertaken by U.S. and South Vietnamese forces to provide security for villages now vulnerable to Vietcong pressure. **Sherwood Dickerman,** a free-lance writer in Saigon, describes the operations of Marine units assigned to this still undermanned sector of the "other war". . . . **Arthur J. Dommen** studied the Japanese Communist Party during eighteen months as Los Angeles *Times* correspondent in Tokyo. He has recently taken up a new post for his paper in New Delhi.

Gordon Clark graduated from feature writing for Irish daily newspapers and periodicals to the editorship and eventual ownership of an Irish small-town weekly. He has also been affiliated in various capacities, both in Ireland and in North America, with the Irish Tourist Board. Currently he is sales director of Mount Salus Press, a printing and publishing firm that he started in 1953. . . . **William Childress,** who lives in Iowa City, has published poems, stories, and articles, and has written for television. . . . **Sarel Eimerl's** book for children, *Revolution! France 1789-1794,* has just been published by Little, Brown. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity.* . . . **Gerald Weales's** edition of *The Complete Plays of William Wycherley,* which is available in Doubleday Anchor paperback, is coming out in May in hard cover from New York University Press. Mr. Weales is also the author of *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World). . . . **Gordon A. Craig,** professor of history at Stanford University, is presently at the Free University in Berlin. His *War, Politics and Diplomacy: Selected Essays* was published by Praeger last November. . . . **Tibor Szamuely** is a lecturer in politics at the University of Reading, England, and a commentator on foreign affairs for the *Spectator.* . . . **Robert Sklar's** *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön* has just been published by Oxford. Mr. Sklar teaches at the University of Michigan.

Our cover is by **Oronzo Gaspano.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATO CRISIS

To the Editor: "How Not to Lead an Alliance," by Bernard Brodie (*The Reporter*, March 9), is a masterpiece. In addition to setting the erosion of NATO in proper perspective, it makes a major contribution by providing a rare and candid glimpse at a not uncommon phenomenon: the insensitivity and inability of American officials to weigh seriously the merits of opposing views expressed by foreign diplomats. From my own research I would say that this crippling bar to leadership is even more evident in U.S. behavior in the United Nations and international organizations.

ALVIN Z. RUBINSTEIN
Professor of Political Science
Wharton School of Finance and Commerce
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Dr. Brodie's elucidation, though excellent, is concerned with military integration and alliance. But the real momentum now is directed toward economic integration and alliance, and then political integration and alliance. We all know, in spite of Dr. Brodie's concluding paragraph, that the urgency for military integration, the *raison d'être* of NATO, is completely eclipsed by the urgency for economic integration, and partly eclipsed by the urgency for political integration. Dr. Brodie's exposition is perhaps useful only because the French elections have continued "de Gaullism," a policy that is still dimensioned militarily.

WILLIAM E. BULLOCK
Freeport, New York

To the Editor: I disagree on both diplomatic and military grounds with the conventional warfare-flexible response strategy. However, it seems to me that so terrific a job of sales and self-persuasion has been done that logical arguments against the theory do not make much headway either in governmental circles or among the public.

On the other hand, there are certain inescapable pressures that officials, at least, cannot ignore. The balance-of-payments problem, Congressional pressure for troop withdrawals, and the demands of the Vietnam war all suggest the impracticability of maintenance of a dual-capable force in Europe, and adherence to the flexible-response strategy.

In light of these pressures, I wonder if more ground might not be gained by emphasizing the argument that because of those pressures, troop reductions in Europe are "inevitable," whether wise or not, and that it would be tragic to have such reductions take place before the allies have adopted a feasible military strategy that encourages a maximum of political cohesion.

CRAIG S. BAMBERGER
Washington, D.C.

NUCLEAR DETENTE

To the Editor: "McNamara's ABM Policy: A Failure of Communications," by Norman Moss in your February 23 issue, is a most perceptive piece on offensive-defensive nuclear strategy and on the difficulty of establishing credible communication with the Soviet Union. As you know, the current controversy on this matter before the Senate is whether the United States should employ a "thick" or "thin" defense and whether this defense should apply to fifty or twenty-five of the most densely populated cities. The cost will be enormous and unprecedented for either system, so hopefully we will be able to reach an understanding and nuclear détente with the second most powerful country on earth.

Let me take this occasion to say that I have long admired *The Reporter*.

EDWARD W. BROOKE
U.S. Senate

FOR THE RECORD

To the Editor: David McGee has not called his article ("A Family Affair," in *The Reporter* for March 9) fiction. Therefore, I must assume that he has, for reasons unknown, seen fit to write statements about me which are complete falsehoods. The article is so full of these untruths I could not expect you to publish a letter citing all of them. I do request that you allow me space to correct three of the more blatant statements.

First, it is ridiculous to state that I am one who could never understand how a person in my position was thrown into the middle of politics. My grandfather was the first commissioner of the county where I was born. My father, active in civic affairs, was elected mayor, and my husband had been both county and state chairman of the Democratic Party, and had been elected county attorney previous to his running for governor. Politics was a way of life I always knew.

I am deeply disturbed by the unbelievable statement "She once confessed that she had never found her way into a voting booth." I voted the first year I was eligible, 1934, and have voted in each election since that time, even requesting an absentee ballot when I was with the American Red Cross overseas during the war.

I fail to understand the reason for the following: "Mrs. Hickey silently rose from the table and began prowling about the house" searching for a TV . . . ." We have never been dinner guests at the McGee home in Laramie, Wyoming, nor am I a prowler. I have never been a rabid TV fan, and with all due respect to *Ozzie and Harriet*, certainly was not one of theirs. An additional misstatement, that I said "Jay Jay" in addressing my husband, who has always been called Joe, makes the reference preposterous.

This article presents a picture of a mixed-up youth, without regard for fiction, fact, or falsehood. I would hope that your magazine would have more concern. I enjoy fiction. I enjoy history. I do not enjoy a mishmash of falsehoods.

MRS. JOE HICKEY
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Mr. McGee has declined to comment on Mrs. Hickey's letter. We very much regret any inaccuracies that may be found in his youthful reminiscences.
—THE EDITORS

THE PRIBILOFS

To the Editor: I enjoyed very much Mary Ellen Leary's "Emancipation Comes to the Pribilofs" (*The Reporter*, March 9). The results of the recommendations of the special commission appointed by former Governor William A. Egan are particularly satisfying to me. It was my pleasure to have had representing me on that commission Roy Peratrovich, a Tlingit Indian and member of my staff when I was area director for this bureau in Juneau. He participated actively in the work of the commission that made the recommendations eventually leading to the emancipation for the Pribilof people.

ROBERT L. BENNETT
Commissioner of Indian Affairs
Washington, D.C.

HUIZINGA REBUTTED

To the Editor: In his article "A European's View of the Vietnam War" (*The Reporter*, March 9), J. H. Huizinga justifies American intervention in Vietnam on the basis that it is necessary to maintain the balance of power. In my view this represents a return to political expediency through military strength. Mr. Huizinga's theory would have justified intervention by Russia in Ghana when President Nkrumah, a leftist, was overthrown by the military, and by China in Indonesia during the recent Sukarno-Suharto feud.

BRUCE A. MILLER
Broomall, Pennsylvania

ALBANY'S PRESS

To the Editor: Editors in New York State long have observed with sympathy and admiration the stand of the Albany newspapers against the creaking O'Connell machine, described by Jonathan Kapstein in "Uncle Dan's Feud with the Albany Newspapers" (*The Reporter*, March 9). Formal support came last month when the New York State Society of Newspaper Editors passed a resolution expressing concern over what appears to be a campaign of harassment and asking the State Judicial Conference to investigate.

Knowing Publisher Gene Robb and Executive Editor Robert Fichenburg of the *Knickerbocker News*, I am confident that they will continue to report the news and to press editorially for the reforms which at long last seem within reach.

VINCENT S. JONES
Executive Editor
The Gannett Newspapers
Rochester, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN AFRICAN'S SEARCH FOR AFRICA

TOWARDS A PAX AFRICANA

A Study of Ideology and Ambition

by

Ali A. Mazrui

The basic political ideas of contemporary Africa are founded in the ethic of self-government and the passionate African ambition "to be his own policeman." The author, Professor of Political Science at Makerere University College in Uganda, ably and effectively describes the search for African identity, the concept of racial sovereignty, the development of native political leadership, the Pan-African movement, and the attitudes and policies of Africans at the UN. *Nature of Human Society Series.* $5.95

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Chicago and London

In Canada: University of Toronto Press

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Unconventional Convention

To Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, the nation owes a great debt for its political entertainment. Now the Senator has outdone himself. As a result of his quiet, continuing pressure to modify the Supreme Court's reapportionment rulings of the early 1960's, the nation faces the prospect of its first Constitutional Convention since 1787. True, political and juridical reality suggest that this great meeting may never take place, but the imagination does not readily yield once it has been so tempted. We can see all the legislative leaders of the several states. From Jesse Unruh of California to Joseph Zaretzki of New York, they are decked out in silken breeches and powdered wigs. Only Senator Dirksen, who passes soothingly among them, looks absolutely right in the outfit and does not seem to find it troublesome in the Philadelphia summer heat. Through the milling and over the din, we can also hear from time to time the stentorian voice of the presiding officer: "Will the sergeant-at-arms *clear those aisles!*"

How DID the latest development in the reapportionment struggle come about? It is a grotesque story. Article V of the Constitution provides that "On the Application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States," Congress "shall call a Convention for proposing Amendments. . . ." Since all twenty-five Amendments that now exist were achieved by the alternative method of Congressional introduction, no one (always excepting Senator Dirksen and his cohorts) took seriously this secondary campaign which got started in Chicago in 1964. At that time, the General Assembly of the States, which included many state legislative leaders, decided to try to get the required two-thirds of the states to make their applications to Congress. On three separate occasions the Senate has rejected Dirksen's efforts, but meanwhile the applications from the states kept rolling in. So unfamiliar was the procedure to everyone concerned that three states reportedly sent their applications to the wrong address and thus the applications (which have never been received) either do or do not count in the total, while the rest were silently filed away in the appropriate Congressional cubbyholes. Each was announced in the *Congressional Record* upon receipt, but nobody was keeping count. Suddenly in the first two weeks of March, four state legislatures passed the necessary resolutions, bringing the total to thirty-two—only two short of the required number. It was then that the new flurry of activity began. When we asked a leader of the opposition to Senator Dirksen's plan how and when he realized that thirty-two states had asked for a Constitutional Convention, he said, "I read about it in the New York *Times*."

THERE ARE numerous explanations for the fact that so many people were caught unawares, and also for the fact that so many states joined the drive. The only effective nationally organized opposition to the Dirksen amendment is that of the League of Women Voters. The AFL-CIO, for instance, was decisive in stopping Dirksen in the Senate, but its minions in the states did not always share the position of the national leadership. In states such as Oklahoma, where labor is weak, it tended either to support or ignore the effort in return for other favors it was seeking. Moreover, none of the log-rolling seemed very harmful since each state seemed to be acting in isolation rather than in relation to the untabulated stack of resolutions quietly piling up in Washington. When on occasion the League would express alarm, the preposterousness

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the plan would be invoked, so that, according to one of the ladies at work on the counter-effort, "We felt naïve."

Then there was the question of secrecy. Senator Dirksen has protested that a secret drive could hardly have been undertaken in thirty-two legislatures, but it does seem true that opponents of the project in the states often got a pretty fast shuffle. Few states held hearings on the resolution; many put it through very quickly either at the beginning or end of the session. And, as communications from League officers in the field disclosed, it was not always easy to find out what was going on. From Illinois, the apportionment chairman wrote to the League's national office in Washington, "The [Illinois] Senate did hold a brief hearing . . . but it was on less than 24-hours' notice, and we were unable to get anyone there to appear in person. . . . The swiftness and silence—in spite of all our efforts—with which this has been passed are shocking." From Colorado came a similar complaint: "You know, memorials [applications] are not printed, as bills are, nor are they screened by committee so this one came up for debate last Wednesday with practically no advance notice. . . . The House votes on it today . . . and they will probably pass it—but they'll have to step over our prostrate (if not dead) body to do it." (It passed.)

As Senator Joseph Tydings (D., Maryland) has pointed out, the overwhelming majority of applications were in fact passed by legislatures themselves malapportioned by the Supreme Court's lights, and most of these legislatures have by now been reapportioned by law and replaced in state elections. No one is clear, however, whether their applications are still valid or whether it is even possible for a new legislature to rescind them—Maryland is trying to now, and Missouri may follow suit.

THESE ARE but a few of the intriguing, unanswerable questions that Senator Dirksen, with crucial assistance from the American Farm Bureau Federation and other lobbies, has raised. Who decides if the applications are valid? What

"Brilliantly sustained analysis, scrupulously documented... indispensable to a consideration of color in human society."
—NADINE GORDIMER, *The Nation*

The world-wide clash of white and non-white

THE RACE WAR

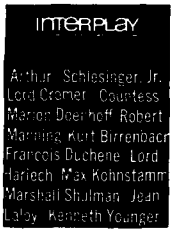
by Ronald Segal

"... a big book whose broad perspective, relentless accumulation of fact, and impassioned narrative will bludgeon all but the most bigoted readers out of their complacency."
—DAVID CAUTE, *Book Week*

Available at all bookstores $6.50

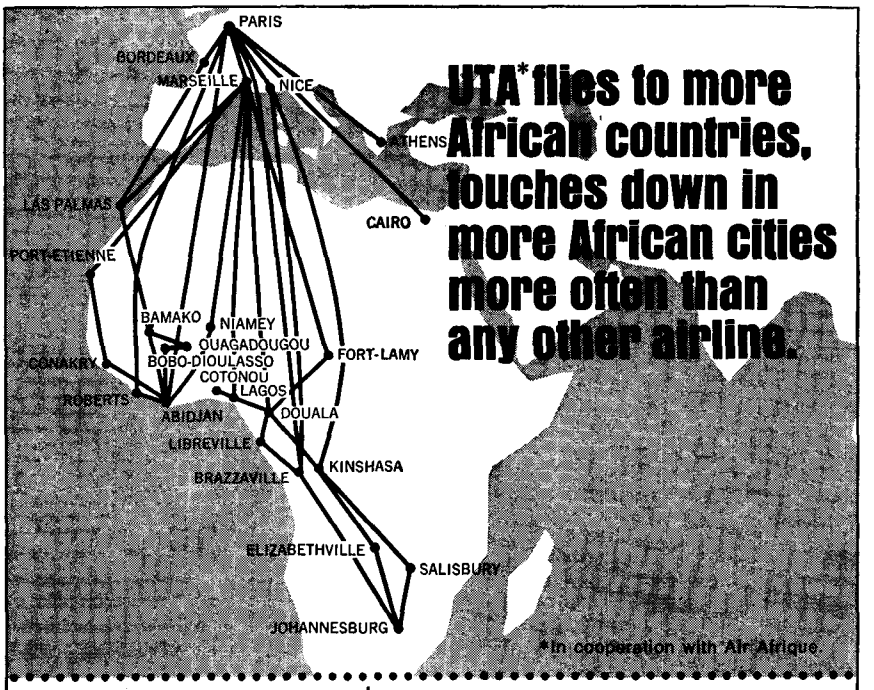
THE VIKING PRESS
New York, N.Y. 10022

Influential opinion-makers of 2 continents ask you to join in starting a new kind of dialogue between Europeans and Americans



Why is there no truly international journal of opinion and reportage covering European—American affairs? INTERPLAY through candid, perceptive, and controversial articles, will be such a magazine—genuinely international in editorial direction, content, readership and influence—with a unique Editorial Advisory Board composed of opinion-makers from Europe and North America.

INTERPLAY
Box 01 / 200 West 57 Street / N.Y.C. / 10019
☐ Please enroll me as a charter subscriber for 1 year (10 issues) at $6. Outside the U.S. and Canada—$7.
☐ Send me FREE descriptive literature.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip____



UTA* flies to more African countries, touches down in more African cities more often than any other airline.

*In cooperation with Air Afrique.

UTA FRENCH AIRLINES

P. O. Box 4157
North Hollywood, California 91607
509 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022
AIR FRANCE, General Agents

Please send me additional information about Africa.
Name_____
(please print)
Address_____ Tel._____
City_____ State_____ Zip____
My travel agent is_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CELEBRATE SPRING WITH A NEW VANDERBILT BOOK

AND PROMISES TO KEEP
The Southern Conference for Human Welfare, 1938-1948
BY THOMAS A. KRUEGER

The story of the Southern popular-front organization which sought to bring about cures for social and economic ills of the South and to assist Franklin D. Roosevelt in his attempt to liberalize the Democratic party. March/$6.50

* * * * *

FLESH OF STEEL
Literature and the Machine in American Culture
BY THOMAS REED WEST

An examination of the impact of the machine, in its states of discipline and energy, on American literature earlier in this century, through a study of the works of Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, Thorstein Veblen, and others. April/$4.50

* * * * *

WITH THE BARK ON
Popular Humor of the Old South Compiled and Edited with Introduction and Notes by
JOHN Q. ANDERSON

Seventy humorous tales and sketches, depicting the backwoodsman in the "Old Southwest," which were originally published in magazines from 1830 to 1860. May/$7.50

* * * * *

AT EASE IN ZION
A Social History of Southern Baptists, 1865-1900
BY RUFUS B. SPAIN

An analysis of the Southern Baptist response to significant social problems of the critical post-Civil War era. May/$6.95

ORDER NOW

Vanderbilt
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Nashville • Tennessee • 37203

happens if Congress ignores the call? Is it conceivable that the courts would then be required to direct Congress to respond to a call from the states to hold a convention whose business is mainly to overturn decisions made in the first place by the courts? And who attends a Constitutional Convention anyway? Presumably Congress would decide the latter question. The amount of litigation that would be set off no matter how any of these matters were resolved boggles the imagination.

At present the best guessing is that, with or without powdered wigs, there will be no Constitutional Convention. At any of a number of points required to bring it to pass, the Senate would be vulnerable to filibuster. And thanks to Senator Dirksen's own skill in another recent battle, such a filibuster against his latest move could not be stopped except by an unlikely two-thirds vote of the Senate. However he may feel about it now, Dirksen also saw to that.

Redrafting the Draft

Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz told a Senate manpower subcommittee recently that he had refused to place on a list of "critical occupations" the nation's pretzel bakers and pipe-organ makers. Various advocates of these arts had urged that young men practicing them be deferred from the draft because of their contribution to the nation's palate, culture, and economy. They would have joined the 250,000 other young men of draft age, mostly young scientists and technicians, whose critical skills have deferred them.

Secretary Wirtz warned that if such deferments are not to be allowed when a new military training act is passed by Congress this summer, then neither should deferments for the nation's two million college and graduate-school students. In this he concurs with the President's National Advisory Commission on Selective Service which has urged that "no further student or occupational deferments should be granted."

The commission's recommendation that undergraduates, as well as graduate students, take their chances on the draft with everybody else was its only major proposal on which President Johnson passed the buck; he suggested that Congress make the decision after further debate. It was also the only source of deep division within the commission itself, a division that extends to the nation's campuses. During last year's baccalaureate service at Harvard, President Nathan M. Pusey told his charges that "it is in the best interest of the United States that many of you get on with your careers in academic life . . . determinedly, without apology or shame." This view was not shared by President Kingman Brewster, Jr., of Yale, who told *his* baccalaureate audience that the draft was unjust because its burden fell "primarily upon those who cannot hide in the endless catacombs of formal education."

President Pusey has been supported half-way by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, a leading Congressional critic of the draft who has offered legislation that "would provide for postponing military service until the end of undergraduate study, but in no case for longer than four years." Even this compromise was attacked by Walter F. Berns, chairman of the Department of Government at Cornell, who takes the stand that an undergraduate can "easily resume his studies" after an interruption, while "the typical graduate student, on the other hand, is settled in his plans."

If leading educators cannot agree on who should serve, who can? Secretary Wirtz told Senator Kennedy's subcommittee: "It would be hard to prove that there is a larger value to either the public or to the individual in letting Bob finish college than in letting Jim complete his apprenticeship as a carpenter or letting John work his way up the unskilled steps toward a skilled job as punch-press operator. In fact, the last two may be more likely to get thrown off stride by a two-year interruption than the college student would be."

The status quo on graduate-student deferments, represented by the views of President Pusey and Professor Berns, seems destined to be cast aside. In the whole tangled debate, the Presidential commission seems most likely to have the last

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word on the graduate-school path to beating the draft. It has produced studies showing that in 1964 seventy-three per cent of young men in the twenty-seven to thirty-four age bracket who attended graduate school had escaped military service. Of those who attended college but not graduate school, thirty per cent escaped, and of those who did not go beyond high school, only twenty-six per cent escaped.

In this area, at least, the commission has moved toward fulfilling one of its primary goals as defined by the President: "Fairness to all citizens."

Penultimatum

TOKYO — Japanese correspondents reported from Peking today that wall posters, an important source of news on the turmoil in Communist China, have been banned from the streets of the Chinese capital. The ban was announced by wall posters. —United Press International.

Attention, revisionist doghead scum! In accord with the inspired thoughts our glorious Chairman Mao Tse-tung has expressed in the last three strophes of his 1957 ode to the production levels achieved at the People's Artificial Fertilizer Plant at Liang Chu, with which it is hoped you are familiar, wall posters of this or any other despicable sort will no longer be tolerated.

Before going off joyfully to join our comrades laboring in the fields for the spring planting phase of the Great Proletarian Agricultural Revolution, we wish to express our thanks to our readers for their faithful attention and support. We have especially appreciated the devotion of that small band of capitalist-smelling Japanese sharks who have informed the reactionary wire services of our recent purification. In accord with the fifth antistrophe of our Heavenly Chairman's recent appraisal of adventurism among the bauxite workers of Hupeh Province, those who have been unmasked at any point prior to eleven o'clock this evening are to remain unmasked. See the epodes, *passim,* for instructions on turning in your armbands and paper hats. The ban on wall posters remains in effect until further notice. Watch this space.

Sauvignon Blanc, the rare grape from Bordeaux, loves our Napa Valley climate.

In most other wine districts the growing season simply isn't long enough for the best Sauvignon Blanc grapes to reach full maturity.

This never happens to the vines that have been transplanted from France to the sunny hillside vineyards of The Christian Brothers in California's Napa Valley.

The result is a remarkable white table wine, The Christian Brothers California Sauvignon Blanc. Pleasantly dry, yet with a touch of natural sweetness. A rare wine of great personality and rich bouquet. Tasting it is a rare and memorable experience.

A message from Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster of The Christian Brothers Winery, Napa, California.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Solution to

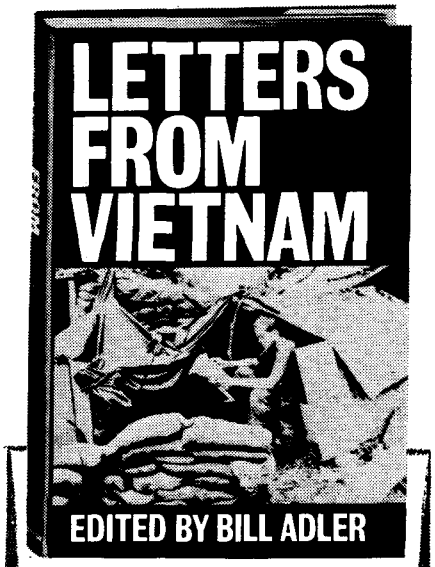
THE REPORTER

Puzzle #165

H	O	T	B	E	E	F	S	A	N	D	W	I	C	H
A	■	O	■	R	■	I	■	Y	■	R	■	N	■	A
B	Y	W	O	R	D	S	■	E	V	A	N	G	E	L
I	■	E	■	A	■	H	A	S	■	W	■	L	■	I
T	A	L	O	N	S	■	N	■	C	L	I	E	N	T
U	■	■	■	T	H	E	A	T	R	E	■	■	■	O
A	V	E	R	S	E	■	C	■	O	R	G	A	N	S
L	I	L	■	■	A	S	T	R	A	■	■	M	O	I
L	A	M	E	S	T	■	R	■	T	E	M	P	T	S
Y	■	■	■	P	H	O	E	N	I	X	■	■	■	R
S	H	A	R	E	S	■	S	■	A	P	I	E	C	E
O	■	M	■	A	■	A	S	S	■	L	■	Q	■	M
B	L	A	N	K	E	R	■	E	R	A	S	U	R	E
E	■	H	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	I	■	A	■	D
R	E	S	T	O	R	A	T	I	O	N	P	L	A	Y

Acrostician—

HELEN HAYES



Straight from the jungle, the ship, the hospital and the Viet village: this first collection of letters from American servicemen, nurses and voluntary workers — their candid, uncensored, often eloquent story of what they are doing in Vietnam and what it is doing to them.

$3.95

DUTTON

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Living Anachronism

THERE IS no use searching for the reasons for hatred toward a public figure, be he the President of the United States or any man who makes himself controversial. Those of us who are old enough will never forget how that "traitor to his class" FDR was hated even after his death. Only descriptive analysis without any pretense of scientific objectivity can allow us to look a little distance beyond the present conflict of passions.

True, the hatred for this President has a special quality. People talk about LBJ as if there were something monstrous about him. Let one random quote suffice: "I grant him bloody, arrogant, avaricious, false, vindictive, smacking of every sin that has a name," says a character called Ted in *MacBird!*, the satirical play that Walter Kerr of the New York *Times* has called "treason."

Obviously there is something odd in this man Johnson that has given a number of people the obsession of an ever-recurrent nightmare. He used to be called a politician's politician. Seldom has this country known a man so adept at the craft of wheeling and dealing and arm-twisting; he is a gambler, not of the Monte Carlo type, but one still playing with impudent self-confidence in the rough Mississippi tradition Mark Twain described.

Now there is a new America to which, it is said, he is thoroughly alien, and he has no way of fathoming its unique role in the new world. But how could he, at his age, with his ambitions multiplied by the power that is his for a few years, act any differently from the ways he has known since he started playing big politics? In 1948 he took over his Senate seat after winning the primary by a majority of eighty-seven votes and in Texas there are many who still call him "landslide Johnson." A tragedy gave him the Presidency. Well before his election to a term of his own, he started using his politician's gimmicks on a national scale. Demands for the betterment of every group, irrespective of race or wealth, were recognized by administrative action and blunt messages to Congress. It is an unquestionable fact that much more was actually achieved than anybody could expect.

Toward foreign countries he acted according to his own well-tested style. American assistance was offered to every country showing the intention to enter into some broad, preferably continental, union. This nation is so rich that it can avoid being niggardly in helping any government led by men who know how to help themselves.

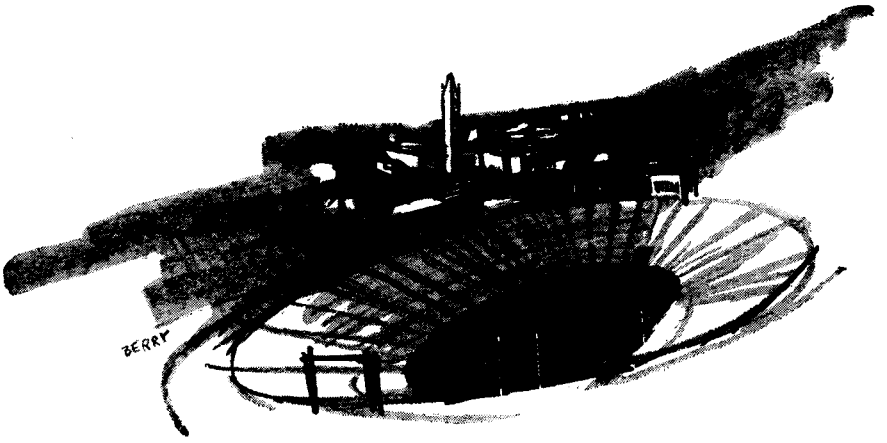
SO RUNS the anti-Johnson story, transcribed thus far without pretense of impartiality out of respect for any tiny kernel of truth. The rest of the story is something quite different: only the most meticulous research can untangle it, and this will take a long, long time.

In their collective frenzy, the President-haters insist on intoning the same formula as if each time they had a new idea: the man doesn't know how to adjust his thinking and his action to the country's needs. America, they say, has no enemies now—aside from a few archaic citizens inside its borders. It has won a definitive victory in the "cold war." But it is at least questionable whether the President is aware of it, and his right-hand man, Secretary Rusk, is a relic of the Stone Age. Men and women of patented sophistication sneer at any talk of isolation, old or new. Every country is spontaneously moving toward isolation, each at its own pace and with its worries and foibles, with an essential unity of direction that makes any aggressive expansion inconceivable. Sooner or later there will be a worldwide sameness; a jet set dedicated to the drinking of Bloody Marys while the ruling ideas are provided by a demi-monde of demi-intellectuals—in other words the same jet set. At the very bottom of society there will be the kept poor, beneficiaries not of charity but of a guaranteed income.

Poor LBJ is just a freak and sometimes even his most obsessed haters should feel sorry for him. He is made of an ancient raw material that cannot possibly be molded into an image. He is already licked, and licked for keeps, according to those who cannot look up to him. He has proved to be no good even as a politician—or so they say. Think of what has happened to the magician who used to control the Democratic majority in the Senate. Think of his former colleagues who, day in, day out, never stop whipping him. Even at the White House, men from Texas keep leaving, each one for a different reason, each with a warm letter of Presidential good wishes in his pocket.

TRULY Lyndon Johnson is a very simple man; human, too human; American, too American. After his term of office has ended, it is difficult to imagine this self-avowed unbookish President establishing an institution dedicated to the preservation and editing of the leftovers, oral or otherwise, of what was said and done by him and his associates. One feels certain that he will keep quiet and just rely on history.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ronald Reagan Plays Surgeon

FAWN M. BRODIE

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., wrote of Ronald Reagan in January, 1966: "Here is the mind of the true conservative. . . . He is going to surprise people, is my guess." Since then Ronald Reagan has been surprising practically everybody. Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, who had considered Reagan "the only candidate Brown could possibly beat," said after Reagan's smashing victory over George Christopher in the June, 1966, California Republican gubernatorial primary that it was "quite a surprise." In November Reagan surprised even the pollsters, none of whom predicted a million-vote lead over old professional Pat Brown, who had himself produced surprises in the past by defeating William F. Knowland and Richard M. Nixon. Jokes about Reagan's being "the oldest living Cub Scout" stopped on election night. Democrats who had jeered "Ronnie for governor! He's never read the script!" were forced to admit that he had superbly played the role of candidate for governor. The Hollywood idol, who could describe himself wryly as the "Errol Flynn of the Bs. . . as brave as Errol, but in a low-budget fashion," had become governor of the nation's most populous state and had announced himself as favorite-son candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1968.

But the biggest surprise of all is that since taking office Reagan has abandoned the role that catapulted him to his new eminence. Until his election he was "the good guy," the folksy "aw shucks" candidate, the handsome bronzed figure on the white horse, ever smiling and genial, who had "saved Hollywood from a Communist takeover," who adhered to the commandment "Thou shalt not speak ill of any Republican," and who sparked the fantasies of every forty-year-old female precinct worker in the party. His role, as Herbert Gold put it, was "Goldwater without fumbles, Nixon without fears, Robert Welch without paranoia, Gary Cooper without awesome stardom."

During the campaign Brown tried hopelessly to tag him as an extremist, an opponent of TVA, Medicare, the Civil Rights Act, the Voting Rights Act, and open housing, pointing out that he was more than tolerant of the John Birch Society. Democratic handbills quoted Reagan calling Earl Warren "a lousy justice," denouncing the graduated income tax as "Marxist," Federal aid

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to education as "a tool of tyranny," the United Nations as "structurally unsound," and unemployment insurance as "a prepaid vacation plan for freeloaders." But no Democratic attack, however virulent or however justified by the facts, served to erase Reagan's smile, to uncover a mean streak, or to make him snarl. "If there is a mean streak in Ronald Reagan's character," Buckley wrote, "it is very deeply buried. I have gone spelunking into his depths, and I would suppose there is a certain amount of bile in his system, as I suppose there was bile in the system of St. Francis of Assisi."

'The Rest' Disclosed

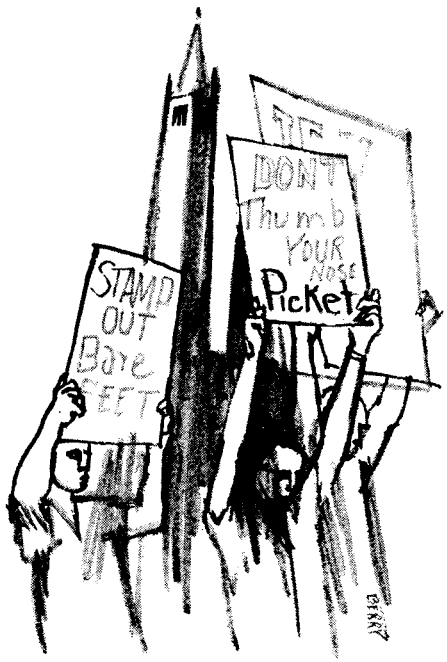
Today Buckley would not have to "spelunk" very deep. The Hollywood smile is still there, an almost irremovable mask. But Reagan has abandoned the white horse, thrown away his spurs, and adopted instead the meat ax of the old-time butcher-surgeon. He is cutting up the body politic of California with all the zeal of the doctor who cut off both Reagan's legs in *King's Row*, the movie that made him a star. In this film Reagan awakes from the anaesthesia, reaches out his hands to discover that his lower extremities are gone, and cries out in terror, "Where's the rest of me?" The moment of shooting this scene, he later wrote, was the greatest of his movie career.

The agonized question became the title of Reagan's bizarre autobiography, published in 1965, the first sentence of which reads: "The story begins with a closeup of a bottom in a small town called Tampico in Illinois." Reagan continues: "My face was blue from screaming, my bottom was red from whacking, and my father claimed afterward that he was white. . . . ever since . . . I have been particularly fond of the colors that were exhibited—red, white and blue."

The *King's Row* amputation scene convinced Reagan, he wrote, that an actor is only half a man, and his book is largely a description of how his search for "the rest of me" led him out of the profession of acting, first into screen-actor union politics and anti-Communist activity, then into speechmaking for General Electric against "Federal encroachment," and finally into the Goldwater entourage and the unpredictable ferment of California politics. He concludes his book, "I have found the rest of me."

Today the man who admits searching for twenty-five years for an amputated portion of his psyche is hacking away with zeal at California's school budgets, welfare programs, and parks. It is obvious even to many of his supporters that he likes the knife. Upon taking office he announced that he would "cut and trim" every conceivable branch of state government, and would begin with a blanket ten per cent cut in all state expenditures. "The symbol on our state flag is a golden bear," he said; "it is not a cow to be milked." As it has turned out, his proposed cuts in specific areas have been not mere trimming of fat but near-fatal amputations.

EVEN BEFORE his election, Reagan had frightened California conservationists—many of whom are Republicans—by suggesting that unused state-park lands be sold and by plugging for a cut in even the smallest Federally projected acreage for the National Redwoods Park. His quip before the members of the Western Wood Products Association on March 12, 1966, "A tree's a tree. How many do you need to look at?" was widely quoted. But few believed that this hero of so many Westerns, this ranch owner and breeder of fine horses, would seriously damage his beloved West. Had he not written in his autobiography, "There is nothing so beautiful as California in the spring, provided it's covered with horses"? Nevertheless his new budget slashed the proposed expenditures for state park and recreation development from $33 million to $1 million. "This is no ten per cent," said one parks expert; "it's annihilation."



Reagan promised to revamp the welfare program from top to bottom to weed out "those who can but won't work," and began by closing eight out of thirteen welfare centers designed among other things to aid the unemployed in finding jobs.

But what caused the greatest consternation was his thirty per cent cut in the appropriations requested by the state universities and colleges, and his part in the removal of University of California President Clark Kerr. Here Reagan surprised even his devout disciples. During the campaign he had made repeated promises "to clean up the mess at Berkeley," and to send John A. McCone to head an investigation there.

After victory he won wide applause for his statement "Preservation of free speech does not justify letting beatniks and advocates of sexual orgies, drug usage and 'filthy speech' disrupt the academic community and interfere with our universities' purpose. . . . I consider it my responsibility to take the lead in returning our universities to their original purpose as institutions of learning and research." He had been careful not to threaten openly the position of Kerr, president of the nine-campus complex that comprises the university, though he was known to consider Kerr's handling of the Berkeley campus activists as "appeasement." But few believed that Reagan would harm his national image by repressive and destructive action against one of the greatest universities in the nation.

Reagan precipitated an instant crisis by his first major act as governor, when he struck not at Berkeley alone but at the whole system of higher education in California.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

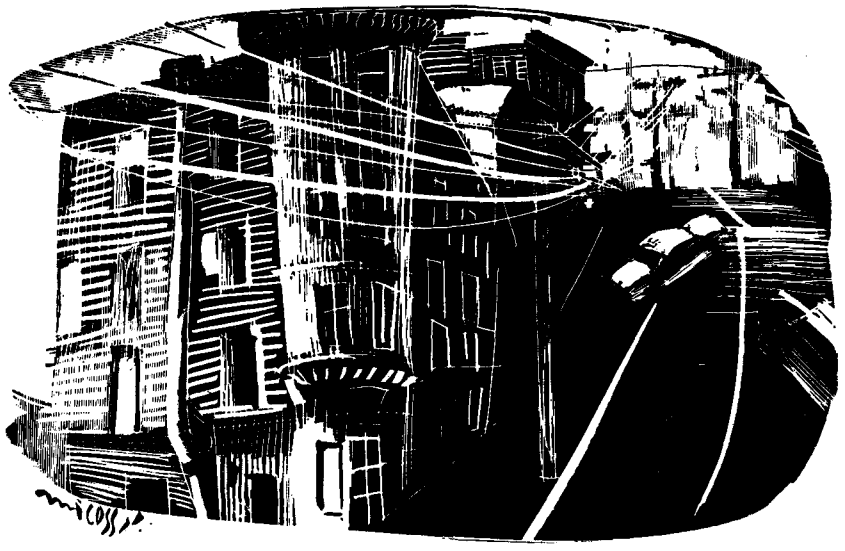
He first demanded that the ninety-nine-year-old free tuition system be abandoned, calling for a $400 tuition at the nine universities and $200 in the eighteen state colleges. Later, when it was pointed out that university students already pay up to $280 in "fees" and that an addition of $400 would make California's one of the costliest state university educations in the United States, he reduced the proposed tuition to $250. When questioned about whether he expected to get the beatniks out of Berkeley by exacting tuition, Reagan denied that his proposal was punitive, but said that paying tuition was a "maturing" experience. Ralph Bunche, noting the controversy, commented, "If I had not had the opportunity for a tuition-free education at UCLA, I would probably be a carpenter right now . . . . an honorable job, but not as exciting as what I'm doing."

University statistics showed that twenty-six per cent of the undergraduates worked to pay their own way, and eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of the graduates. The average University of California student pays $1,850 a year for fees, room and board, and books. Repeated surveys have demonstrated that the main reason for student dropouts is lack of funds, and Kerr pointed out that the imposition of tuition would mean an increase in the demand for scholarship funds from twenty to forty per cent.

California educators are proud of their system of higher education, organized in 1960 under a Master Plan for Education and now widely imitated over the country. The universities, emphasizing graduate work and research equally with undergraduate training, accept only the upper 12.5 per cent of the high-school graduates. The state colleges absorb the remainder of the upper thirty-three per cent of the graduating classes; and the seventy-three junior colleges, with a total enrollment of 487,000, accept any high-school graduate.

The Extent of the Damage

The tuition-free system, which guarantees at least "free faculty instruction," is recognized as an important factor in California's industrial growth. More than ninety research and development companies opened new plants and laboratories near the new Irvine campus in the five years between the announcement of the site and its opening in the fall of 1965. The distinguished quality



of the university system is one reason that California gets $450 million in Federal research and development funds. Though only a very few states continue to share the tradition of free tuition, California educators are convinced that the right to a free college education will be widely accepted in the late twentieth century, just as the right to a free high-school education was accepted in the late nineteenth. They fear that to abandon it now, specifically for the New York-type system of tuition-plus scholarships that Reagan wants, would be retrograde in principle and would bring massive problems of administration.

Reagan's threat to the free-tuition system was a lesser blow, however, than his thirty per cent cut in the proposed university and state college appropriations. To meet the expected enrollment of ninety-five thousand for 1967-1968 in the nine universities, an increase of almost ten thousand over present enrollment, the Board of Regents asked for $278 million. Reagan cut this to $196 million. Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke had asked for $213 million to educate the 185,000 students expected in the eighteen state colleges, an increase of enrollment of fifteen thousand over 1966. This sum Reagan cut to $154 million. The resulting outcry from the academic community shook the state.

Clark Kerr pointed out that the budget slash would mean a cut in university enrollment to sixty-nine thousand, and Charles Hitch, Vice-President for Finance, warned bluntly that the three new universities at Irvine, San Diego, and Santa Cruz—which are developing some of the most imaginative educational programs in the nation—would have to shut down. To maintain full enrollment, Hitch said, would require a minimum of $264 million, this despite severe cuts in almost all other budget categories. Administrative plans for the hiring of six hundred new teachers in the university system were thrown into a turmoil. Foster Sherwood, Vice-Chancellor at UCLA, reported that the crisis brought a dozen immediate rejections in his recruiting program, adding that recruiters from the East and Middle West "are circling our faculty like birds of prey." Norton Simon, industrialist on the Board of Regents, denounced the proposed cuts as "the falsest kind of economy" in "the greatest industry in the state."

Kerr and Dumke reacted to Reagan's budget cuts by placing a temporary freeze on all university and college admissions. And so the crisis came to a head. There is great controversy over exactly what happened at the January Board of Regents meeting at which Kerr was fired, but

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no one denies that the first move to oust Kerr was initiated by regent Allan Grant, Reagan's new appointee as president of the state Board of Agriculture. Kerr, who has since steadfastly denied that he asked for a vote of confidence, went out of office with a vote of fourteen to eight. Voting for Kerr was Jesse M. Unruh, speaker of the state Assembly, now the acknowledged leader of the Democratic Party in Sacramento and likely candidate for governor in 1970. "It is a bad precedent," Unruh said, "to fire a university president concomitant with a change of political party in the state administration." Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale, said, "The political context and abruptness of the regents' action is bound to threaten the administrators and faculties of the great California system."

Kerr attributed his dismissal to the "intense reaction among the right-wing radicals in California," triggered by "the left-wing radicals at Berkeley." "I became to many people," he said, "a symbol of tolerance for expression of opinions that they didn't like." But he denied that he had been too lenient with the Berkeley activists. "The University of California and the State of California were tougher in connection with the difficulties of the last two years than any university in the United States, to my knowledge." He pointed out that an eight-day sit-in at the University of Wisconsin had resulted in no arrests and no reprisals against the students.

THOSE who have read Reagan's *Where's the Rest of Me?* may have noted the irony in the fact that his first great triumph came when he rallied student strikers at Eureka College in Illinois. The Eureka president, as an economy measure during the depression, had threatened to cut out so many classes that some students would have found it impossible to graduate, and the college's academic standing was threatened. The student strike forced the president's resignation. The account in Reagan's autobiography radiates his exultation over this first taste of real power. One sees the same glow in Reagan's chapters when he describes how, as president of the Screen Actors' Guild, he ousted first "the gangsters" and then the Communists, who, he wrote, were attempting "to take over the motion picture industry."

Reagan concludes his account of the student strike at Eureka: "we found we achieved a lot more personal attention—plus an education in human nature and the rights of man to universal education that nothing could erase from our psyches." Now he is deploring student

strikes and instituting the kind of budget cutting he fought long ago. Reagan denies that he is anti-intellectual and insists that his budget cuts are essential to help solve the fiscal crisis he inherited from Governor Brown. The Democrats had "looted" the state treasury, he said, and Brown, whose 1966-1967 state budget totaled almost $5 billion, went out of office leaving a deficit of $473 million. In his speeches Reagan reiterates constantly, "The Democrats were spending a million dollars a day they didn't have."

To this charge Jesse Unruh replies: "There is a fiscal crisis every year; this one is only a little worse than usual. Reagan simply refuses to accept the fact that California is a growing state." Unruh, who has fought unsuccessfully in the past for a more flexible tax system that would prevent the annual fiscal crisis, holds that Reagan has blown this one up all out of proportion to its significance. He notes that the state failed to recover from the building slump as quickly as had been hoped, and admits that Brown's newly inaugurated Medi-Cal program to bring medical aid to the needy of all ages is costing more than had been expected. Unruh opposes tuition as a regressive tax on education and wants the money raised from other sources. California ranks low, thirty-first, among the states in the percentage of state income allocated to higher education.

CALIFORNIA, expected to have a population of almost twenty million by July 1, gets about 500,000 new citizens each year from outside the state, in addition to its 350,000 annual birthrate. The increase means constantly accelerating school and welfare costs. But the growth means also a vigorous, ever-expanding economy. Many newcomers are already highly educated, attracted by the growing number of sophisticated technological industries in the state. They are potential taxpayers in the upper brackets. Alan Post, an official legislative analyst in Sacramento and a veteran of twenty years of cutting fat out of state budgets, declared in this year's report that for the first time in his career a governor was spending too little rather than too much. In his thousand-page analysis he noted that 1966 saw an increase in personal income of Californians to $65.3 billion and that unemployment is down from six per cent to five per cent (among whites it is near the lowest in the nation), and he estimated that the personal income of Californians will soar this year to $70 billion. The decline in housing, he noted, is now "bottoming out."

Educators point out that while Reagan is cutting, Nelson Rockefeller is asking for a twenty-seven per cent rise in the New York State university budget, John Connally a ninety-two per cent rise for the Texas universities for the next two years, and George Romney a five per cent increase in Michigan. Even Lester Maddox of Georgia is calling for an increase of thirty-nine per cent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next year and seventy per cent for the following year.

Reagan's proposed expenditures, despite his budget cuts, are the highest in California history. They could have been lower had the governor not been intent on fulfilling a campaign promise to cut property taxes. Such taxes are levied locally, and to lower them the state has to increase its disbursement to the local units for elementary and high school funds. To do this and to meet the inexorable costs of state service, Reagan is spreading the tax base and calling for increases in cigarette, liquor, and bank and corporation taxes. He would increase the present four per cent combined state and local sales tax to five per cent, increase the state income tax, and largely eliminate personal exemptions. Pat Brown, along with many others, notes that the Reagan tax bill favors the rich against the poor. Unruh strongly favors a state payroll withholding-tax system, and is here supported by the Los Angeles *Times*, which estimates that it would bring an extra $100 million to the state and plug up notorious loopholes. The sum would nicely solve the university and college budget crisis. But Reagan, who insists that "taxes should hurt," and who calls the withholding-tax system an invitation to increase taxes even further, insists that if the Democrats introduce such a bill in the legislature he will veto it.

Misreading the Mandate

The Los Angeles *Times*, which endorsed Reagan against Brown, has expressed indignation and dismay over his educational policy. In editorials of February 20 and March 2 it deplored his "intransigence and ill-considered statements," and warned that if the budget cuts were not rescinded it would mean "a disaster for California" which Reagan "seems incapable of understanding. . . . The governor has badly misread his mandate from the people if he thinks they intended him to punish the entire university and state college system because of the incidents of a relatively few students." The newspaper gave full coverage to the reports of William P. Fidler and Richard H. Peairs, sent out by the American Association of University Professors to explore the educational crisis, which concluded: "An anti-intellectual political reactionary now governs California and is determined to bring higher education growth to a grinding halt." Fidler reported after a forty-five-minute interview that Reagan is "terribly angry about Berkeley. . . . And sometimes, with a sweep of the arm, he seemed to be including the whole academic world in his criticisms. . . . Unfortunately Reagan appears to see this as a life-and-death struggle with the university which he simply must win."

In February Reagan was forced to abandon his tuition fight temporarily. A Democratic caucus led by Unruh voted unanimously against tuition in the state colleges. And the Board of Regents, who alone have the right to impose it on the university system, voted to delay any action in this direction until after a new study. To assist the state in its financial crisis, the Regents generously voted a "one-shot" $19-million

gift from their own Special Fund, money from which is normally spent on fellowships, overseas education, and special research, such as the building of Ernest O. Lawrence's cyclotron. Reagan then restored to the educational budget the amount he had expected to receive in tuition this year. But he threatened ominously that unless tuition were imposed next year he would review his entire approach to financing the university system.

The Reagan higher-education budget, as sent to the legislature in February, called for $235 million for the universities (a figure that included the Regents' gift), plus $172 million for the state colleges. Academic leaders pointed out that unless it was revised upward, ten thousand students would be turned away from the nine universities and twenty thousand from the state colleges—this despite stringent planned cuts in administration and libraries. It would be the first important breach in the Master Plan for Education, which guarantees that no qualified student will be refused enrollment in the California system of higher education. Educators feared too that even if the legislature revised the budget upward, Reagan would use his unit veto power to slice it down again. It is generally conceded that since the Democrats have only a slight margin in both houses, Unruh would find it difficult to get enough Republican support for the necessary two-thirds vote to override it.

On March 14 Reagan unexpectedly announced that he was adding $15 million to the state-college budget —a move Unruh called "a statesmanlike return to reason." Even those who applauded the $15-million addition to the state-college funds noted, however, that Reagan had not thrown away the meat ax. The same day saw the press announcement that the governor was cutting almost $20 million from the Mental Hygiene Department, firing 2,632 of the 22,078 members of its staff. A last-minute upgrading of the university appropriation to $254 million still means that thirty-five hundred new students will be turned away next fall.

THE POLITICAL consequences of the educational crisis Reagan has precipitated are not easy to calculate. Already "Recast Reagan" bumper stickers and "Reagan for President: Share the Burden" buttons have appeared. Stories that the governor dyes his eyelashes and wears TV makeup almost constanly in expectation of camera coverage are going the rounds more and more. Though Reagan has shown remarkable affability before hostile student

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

audiences—he has been burned fourteen times in effigy on California campuses—a certain testiness has begun to appear in his press conferences. Recently he objected to the universities "subsidizing intellectual curiosity," and observed that certain "intellectual luxuries" could be dropped without hurting the cost of education, such as "a course like over at Davis where they teach you to hang the governor in effigy." The Los Angeles *Times* took pains to point out that the course he referred to at the University of California at Davis was actually an independent study program where talented juniors and seniors study the history and tactics of non-violence. "Since non-violence has helped to reshape the political face of the modern world, from Gandhi's India to Martin Luther King's Alabama, it might not be a bad idea," said the editorial and went on to point out that "subsidizing intellectual curiosity" is what a university is all about.

In an open letter, "Advice to a New Governor," Pat Brown wrote on February 26: "Knock on any door in suburban California and the chances are you will find: 1) the property taxes are too high, 2) the parents of teen-agers who live there badger the youngsters day and night about good grades—good enough to qualify for the University of California where there's no tuition; and 3) paying tuition would more than wipe out any cut in property taxes. As a matter of fact, the added burden on junior colleges that tuition would mean probably would force an increase in property taxes."

Many feel that Reagan has already lost the thirty per cent of the Democratic vote he garnered in November, now that he has alienated not only the whole academic community, plus the potential student vote and that of their parents, but also labor, minorities, senior citizens, conservationists, and the bureaucracy of the state, most of whom feel threatened by his hovering knife. His recent request to the state civil servants to work voluntarily on Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays without pay was a fiasco. Unruh insists that Reagan has given the Democratic Party "a whole cornucopia of political opportunities."

State Senator Walter Stiern, a big friendly veterinarian from Kern County, says frankly that many there voted for Reagan "because they were mad about Berkeley." Now, he points out, voters are afraid that the budget cuts will eliminate a new state college planned for Kern County, and that tuition will make it impossible to send their children to college at all. A February poll showed only thirty-four per cent of Californians favoring the university budget cuts, fifty-one per cent hostile, and the remainder noncommittal. The poll on tuition, however, showed the extent of the Reagan impact. When the voters were asked in August, 1966, if they favored or opposed the current "no-tuition"

policy, seventy-five per cent favored it and sixteen per cent were opposed. In March the number who still favored "no tuition" had shrunk to thirty-nine per cent, with forty-eight per cent opposed.

A Talent for Simplification

Reagan has a remarkable talent for simplification and repetition. In the televised press conferences he is witty and relaxed, adept at dodging questions loaded with political dynamite. He succeeded brilliantly in upstaging Romney at the Republican fund-raising dinner in Washington on March 1. Reagan's speech was in large part the same one he developed for use as public-relations man for General Electric, and which galvanized Republican audiences in the Goldwater campaign. California reporters know "The Speech" so well they can anticipate it phrase by phrase, even comma by comma. Reagan never tires of it, and did not complain in his autobiography of the intellectual atrophy that might have been expected from delivering the same "dramatic reading" for eight years, sometimes as many as fourteen times a day. Instead he wrote: "I loved every whizzing minute of it."

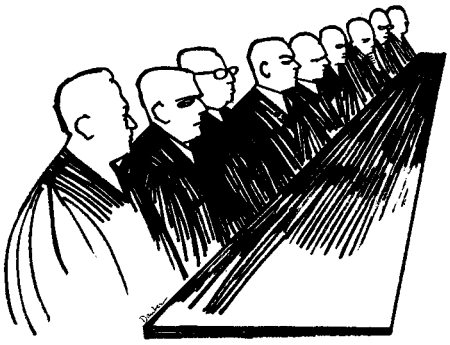
The Speech is his catechism, the warp and woof of his philosophy, the refuge to which he returns whenever someone tosses him a tough question, and the Appendix to *Where's the Rest of Me?* Every phrase, every nuance, comes gracefully to his lips. Its essential theme: Rome fell because of fiscal irresponsibility. Its most reiterated sentence: "No nation has survived a tax burden that reached one-third of its national income." The peroration often brings a Republican gathering to its feet: "The enemy is at our gates. . . . You and I have reached the moment of truth, our rendezvous with destiny. We and we alone must make the decision as to whether freedom will perish from the earth."

Reagan is clearly not "Goldwater revisited," though his foreign-policy statements—which he now avoids—had the breathtaking Goldwater simplicity. "We should declare war on North Vietnam," he said in October, 1965. "We could pave the whole country and put parking stripes on it and still be home by Christmas."

Reagan appeals to a deep-seated anti-intellectual tradition in America, which includes hostility to universities, a fear of being manipulated by the expert, a suspicion that intellect is dangerous and subversive of morality if not of patriotism, a belief that the inexperienced good guy is better than the professional politician at running the government, and a conviction that playing an effective role in politics is a practical test of masculinity. Eisenhower reflected this tradition when he defined an intellectual as "a man who takes more words than are necessary to tell more than he knows." Eisenhower's views don't seem to have changed. He could hardly have been ignorant of Reagan's record when he told reporters after a long conversation with the governor in California last month, "Governor Reagan is one of the men I admire most in this world."

It is a public statement that may well affect Reagan's and the nation's future.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Orleans: Act I

JERRY COHEN and NICHOLAS C. CHRISS

NEW ORLEANS

MISS BERTHA MORERE, seventy-five, a stalwart in the United Daughters of the Confederacy and known to New Orleanians for a variety of delightful eccentricities, arrived outside the packed courtroom amid a rustle of old-fashioned silk. She flashed her driver's license under a deputy sheriff's nose and bustled into the courtroom. She had no business being there at all.

For at that very moment, strictest security measures were in force; accredited newsmen were being frisked by deputies as they entered the judicial chamber, while others were turned away by the dozens because of lack of seating room. Miss Morere's passage into the courtroom, where she settled among journalists assembled from around the world, seemed outrageous at the time. In retrospect, however, it was no more improbable than much that had happened both in and outside Criminal District Judge Bernard J. Bagert's courtroom in New Orleans in mid-March.

The man responsible for the improbabilities, but seldom seen as the unlikely events unfolded, was Jim Garrison, the city's controversial forty-five-year-old district attorney. What Garrison was about may best be summed up in the words of a colorful New Orleans courtroom figure, Sam (Monk) Zelden, an attorney for one of the protagonists: "You wanna know what I think? I think Garrison's got himself a bunch of nuts, fags, screwballs, and left-fielders. That and nothing more." Zelden may well be right, despite the fact that one of New Orleans's most prominent citizens stands accused by Garrison of plotting with Lee Harvey Oswald to murder John F. Kennedy. That citizen, of course, is Clay L. Shaw, the retired fifty-four-year-old managing director of the city's International Trade Mart.

ANY logical analysis of Garrison's investigation is extremely difficult because the whole extravaganza defies description.

Simply put, the district attorney claims that Shaw, Oswald, and a homosexual hypnotist-private detective-pilot named David W. Ferrie concocted a plot in mid-September, 1963, to assassinate Kennedy. Ferrie was found dead in his bed on February 22, a week before Shaw was arrested and a few days after the Garrison investigation became public knowledge. Ferrie had denied before his death, however, that he had any role in an assassination plot. Thus Garrison was left with Shaw.

Shaw's arrest was followed by one of the most extraordinary preliminary hearings ever conducted in an American courtroom. Normally, such a hearing is disposed of in a matter of minutes or hours. But the session presided over by Judge Bagert required four days and monumental patience on the part of everyone involved before it finally was determined that "probable cause" existed to bind Shaw over for trial.

Only slightly less spectacular than the testimony inside the courtroom was the activity outside. Judge Bagert finally established an elaborate set of guidelines to preserve the court's dignity and protect the rights of the defendant, but before he did so, the Criminal Courts Building corridors experienced some memorable scenes. Swarms of sweating photographers descended on witnesses and blocked all passage. When the television and newspaper cameramen and radio reporters were banished from the building, they pitched camp on the steps and sidewalk, where they became a sideshow rivaling the main attraction inside. Passersby stopped and motorists on clogged Tulane Avenue slowed to gape. A balloon man even set up shop on the front lawn. But business was poor; he lasted less than a day.

The Talk of the Town

New Orleans had awaited the hearing with mingled anxiety and anticipation. Many responsible citizens were concerned about the effects on the city's reputation, but fascination was more prevalent than concern. New Orleans couldn't get over the fact that Garrison, for all his flamboyant unpredictability, had dared arrest a man like Shaw. Most of the city knew little personally about the executive, except that his photograph often appeared in the morning *Times-Picayune* and the afternoon *States-Item*. Bemusement and

TRIAL BY D.A.

Sir Arthur L. Goodhart, Queen's Counsel, the distinguished American-born Oxford law professor, now retired, had this to say about the Garrison investigation:

"There has been a lot of talk about trial by newspapers but that isn't true in this case. They must publish what the district attorney says. This is an example of trial by the district attorney, which is the most unfortunate feature of our American criminal law system."

Sir Arthur, who made his comments at Law Day ceremonies at Arizona State University, called Garrison "publicity drunk" and said he has served to discredit the United States abroad.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

titillation, however, gripped the social, civic, and international circles in which Shaw had enjoyed good standing for two decades. This set is more than slightly blasé about the exotic habits of some of its members. Thus, the long-lunch and cocktail-hour talk after Shaw's arrest centered not so much on the whips, chains, and leather straps confiscated from his carriage house at the edge of the French Quarter as on the fact that the district attorney actually thought a man of Shaw's stature was involved in a plot to assassinate a President of the United States.

As one distinguished New Orleans gentleman who counted himself among Shaw's friends explained over a brandy: "All the people really acquainted with Clay have known for years about his private life. In New Orleans people are uncommonly tolerant. As long as you give good parties and are invited into the best homes, you are accepted." Symptomatic of the prevailing uncertainty, however, were the reflections of a city official who knows Shaw: "I have a different opinion each day. I am disappointed that my mind is so volatile. But that's the way this thing has been."

Other leading citizens were saying much the same thing. "Clay Shaw is the last person I'd expect to be mixed up in a plot to kill JFK," one man told us. "Most of the time I think that Clay is just an innocent dupe, that he's vulnerable and Garrison's skewering him alive because of Jim's political ambitions. But then I tell myself, damn it, why would Garrison go out on a limb and arrest a man as respected as Clay if he didn't have something?"

DESPITE such talk, hardly anyone was surprised when Shaw was bound over for trial on the unanimous decision of Judge Bagert and two associates and then was released in $10,000 bail. Because of the gravity of the charge, Judge Bagert had decided to ask Judges Malcolm V. O'Hara and Matthew S. Braniff to sit with him. This *en banc* procedure was most unusual for a preliminary hearing.

But then, everything and everybody connected with the proceedings were unusual. To begin with, there was Dean Adams Andrews, Jr., indicted by the Orleans Parish [county] grand jury for an unspecified perjury in connection with the investigation the day before Shaw's preliminary hearing ended. Andrews, an attorney, is a murky figure in Garrison's investigation, and statements obtained from him by a Warren Commission counsel also were vague. He had told the latter a disjointed story about Oswald visiting his office twice in the summer of 1963, accompanied once by "gay boys . . . Mexicanos." Andrews also told the commission counsel about a man he knew as Clay Bertrand.

Bertrand, Andrews claimed, telephoned him after the assassination and asked him to represent Oswald. The Warren Commission never was able to find a man named Clay Bertrand, nor was the FBI. But Garrison insists that such a man did exist and still does—and that Bertrand and Clay Shaw are one and the same. Indeed, at the preliminary hearing, the state's star witness, a former law student named Perry Raymond Russo, pointed to Shaw and said he was the man who had been introduced to him at Ferrie's apartment in September, 1963, as Clem Bertrand. Russo testified that he had heard Bertrand, Ferrie, and Oswald, whom he knew then as Leon Oswald, discuss ways of killing the President, using such phrases as "diversionary tactics," "triangulation of crossfire," and "escape exits."

Russo's was a startling recitation. It was made even more so by his revelation that the district attorney's office had taken some highly unusual steps to prepare him for it. Russo said he had undergone hypnosis three times and been given sodium pentathol, the so-called truth serum, once. This had been done, it was later brought out, to sharpen his memory and to authenticate his statements.

The Star Witness

Russo's testimony was the essence of Garrison's offering at the preliminary hearing. The twenty-five-year-old insurance salesman made a brief point that almost was glossed over because of the sensational nature of his other declarations: he said it was not his "impression" that Shaw, Oswald, or Ferrie "would actively participate in the assassination." Nor, he said, did he hear the alleged plotters make mention of time or place. Asked why the three men, two of them total strangers, permitted him to sit in on such an incriminating conversation, he testified that Ferrie, a friend of long standing, had vouched for him.

An intriguing bit of Russo's testimony was his allegation that Ferrie and Bertrand had discussed where they would be on the day of the assassination. He claimed that Bertrand said he would be on the West Coast and Ferrie said he would be in Hammond, Louisiana, about sixty-five miles northwest of New Orleans. Shaw made a speech in San Francisco on November 22, 1963. Ferrie was reported to have stayed in a dormitory at Southeastern Louisiana University in Hammond the following day.

F. Irving Dymond, one of Shaw's attorneys, chopped some gaping holes in Russo's story but was never able to shake his poise or appreciably undermine his credibility. A statement by Garrison himself several days prior to the hearing also suggested an inconsistency in Russo's testimony. Garrison had said no "getaway pilot" was involved in his investigation. Russo said that Ferrie had talked about flying an escape plane after the assassination.

Russo was particularly hard put to explain why he had waited so long to come forth with his story. Dymond phrased the question in a variety of ways and Russo's responses were equally varied but never satisfactorily explicit. He offered such diverse reasons as: "I never push myself off on anybody. . . . I thought

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[after the assassination] every screwball in the street was calling up everyone"; and "they didn't say anything about Dallas. Anything like that. They didn't say anything about Dallas"; also, "I gave it thought. Then I got involved and forgot.... I had a lot on my mind. There was school [Russo was a Loyola University of the South undergraduate in 1963], my mother had just died, there was some inconvenience with the estate—I was left with a 'cold hand.'"

Dymond pressed Russo: "Didn't you think that it was your duty as an American citizen to volunteer testimony. . . . ?"

"No, because I was involved with school, which was more pressing to me."

"It was your opinion that your personal involvements were so important as to keep you from testifying?"

"I had confidence in the FBI, that they knew what they were doing."

At one point Dymond attempted to introduce a one-volume condensation of the Warren Commission Report as evidence. "You must be kidding!" Judge Bagert exclaimed. Dymond apparently wished to show that Russo's contention that he saw Oswald briefly at Ferrie's apartment in early October could not be true because the Warren Report stated that Oswald left New Orleans some time in late September. One of the judges said the Report contained "hearsay" and was not admissible. And Bagert cut the debate off with a sharp "No, no, no."

SHAW has since been indicted by a grand jury, but it may be six months to a year before his case is tried. Meanwhile, Garrison's investigation probably has damaged Shaw irreparably, even if nothing comes of the accusation, and it seems a remote possibility that anything ever will. Garrison's most extreme critics contend that he realizes this full well but is recklessly gambling that the publicity will advance his political ambitions. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away. A subpoena a day keeps the headlines coming," one veteran courthouse hand observed.

Garrison already has provided an insight into his investigation that has disturbed many of the reporters who have tangled with him in his office, a motel, a downtown lobby, an elevator, the back seat of a car, wherever they could grab him. He has said, at least half a dozen times, that there will be more charges and more arrests, and that convictions will be obtained. That is, unless the alleged plotters roaming the countryside commit suicide before Garrison's office collars them.

New Orleans newspapers, upon disclosure of Garrison's investigation, reported that his office had spent at least $8,000 chasing down leads. Some Garrison investigators had traveled as far as Miami and

California during the pursuit, it was reported. Promptly, a group of "at least fifty" New Orleans businessmen set up a private "Truth or Consequences" fund to demonstrate "confidence" in Garrison's office and to enable it to continue this activity without using public moneys. Contributions, to be made monthly, are said to range from $100 to $1,000, though most of the sources and sums have been kept secret.

The district attorney, a Democrat, reportedly has raised his political sights from the lieutenant governor's chair to a seat in the U.S. Senate, or even to a Vice Presidential nomination. This may not be as ridiculous as it sounds, observers here insist, if Garrison succeeds in substantially buttressing the doubts about the Warren Commission investigation.

Has Jim Garrison been utterly irresponsible? Certainly the American public has been unsettled by the many highly publicized attacks on the findings of the Warren Commission. It would welcome a definitive solution of the crime. But while Garrison has never said he would identify the man or men who killed the President, he has said almost everything else. He has handled a subject of immense importance and sensitivity in about the way a carnival barker sells the attractions of a midway.

One goes back repeatedly to that first news conference of February 20 when Garrison said that the persons charged and convicted would be accessories after the fact—persons almost as guilty as the perpetrators of the crime. And he gave a couple of examples: the people who lived around the Dachau concentration camp and kept silent; the persons who watched and did nothing while a killer stalked Kitty Genovese on a New York street.

During a flurry of news conferences before he decided to avoid the press, Garrison issued bombshell statements around New Orleans with the abandon of a child dumping toys on the floor. Each news conference was supposed to be the last, but each one made bigger headlines. Some of those statements may come back to haunt Big Jim:

"The only way they [the alleged plotters] are going to get away from us is to kill themselves."

"The apparent suicide of David Ferrie ends the life of a man who, in my judgment, was one of history's most important individuals." [Dr. Nicholas Chetta, the Orleans Parish coroner, said autopsy findings showed that, no matter what Garrison claimed, Ferrie died a natural death from a brain hemorrhage.]

"There will be arrests. Charges will be filed and on the basis of these charges, convictions will be obtained."

"We could make arrests whenever we wanted to, but my staff still has to tie up some loose ends."

"My staff and I solved the assassi-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have evidence beyond a shadow of a doubt. We know the key individuals, cities involved, and how it was done."

"There were several plots; but that's more than I wanted to say."

"There are some individuals that I would like to arrest now, some that I know. . . will be around to arrest later. I have to take the risk that they will stay around because you can develop a better case if you prolong arrests until you can have the whole group of key individuals."

Most startling, perhaps, was Garrison's declaration that "I don't believe that Lee Harvey Oswald killed anyone in Dallas on November 22, 1963." That will take the most explaining of all.

HOW LONG can the Garrison probe continue? Maybe the district attorney wasn't being entirely facetious when he said thirty years (he later said months or more than a year) because he also has said the several alleged conspirators would be tried separately. A man of Garrison's capabilities, with an energetic staff and the financial backing of some of the city's richest men, could perhaps go on for years interviewing Cuban exiles, assorted dishwashers from Boston, and part-time cab drivers from Dallas.

One of Garrison's favorite characters is a mythical fellow known as Jim the Grinder. "Let's try it out on Jim the Grinder," Garrison is fond of saying when he wants to take the public's pulse. Garrison now has thrown out to Jim the Grinder and the world an incredible sequel to the incredible events in Dallas.

The implications are enormous. Shaw's arrest and his order to stand trial, however flimsily based, certainly have provided new ammunition for the skeptics and critics of the Warren Commission and the FBI. Should Garrison by the remotest of chances succeed in obtaining Shaw's conviction, thereby overturning the official finding that Oswald acted alone, an incalculable blow would be dealt the very integrity of the U.S. government, both at home and abroad. Such an outcome would be fantastic—but so have been the developments thus far.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Unknowable CIA

CHRISTOPHER FELIX

FEBRUARY'S disclosures of secret subsidies by the CIA for the foreign activities of a wide range of private American organizations produced what Walter Lippmann accurately enough termed a "tremendous outcry." The Washington *Post* spoke of "disgust, dismay and distress...." The very tone of the news reports across the country reflected the conviction of reporters and editors that they were exposing something that definitely needed exposing. Mr. Lippmann himself, in three columns appearing on February 21, 23, and 28, made evident his own distaste for the "enormous deception," and his sympathy for what he called "a revulsion against the enormity of the corruption which has resulted from the cold war."

Mr. Lippmann's comments merited close attention. Although he found the subject "embarrassing and . . . disagreeable . . . to talk about," he nevertheless felt, in common with much of what was being said, that it is "so important that we cannot sweep it under the rug and try to forget about it."

Plainly, something was wrong. But Mr. Lippmann's analysis of the problem engenders more confusion than clarification. A careful study of the premises underlying his three articles leaves me convinced that they are largely unprovable and possibly irrelevant, and there is much evidence to suggest that, together with his conclusions, they are quite simply mistaken.

In his column of February 23, Mr. Lippmann declared that "the root of the trouble" is the fact "that the Central Intelligence Agency has been used for much more than genuine intelligence work. It has been used as a propaganda agency, as a superior diplomatic foreign service, as an agency for clandestine intervention in foreign countries. The breadth of the CIA's authorized activities has not only generated the cloud of suspicion over American action abroad but it has spoiled the CIA as an intelligence agency here at home."

If one can accept this diagnosis, Mr. Lippmann's prescription follows logically. "There will be and there can be no solution to the problem," he wrote, ". . . unless there is a surgical operation which separates true intelligence work from the whole clutter of other activities. An intelligence agency should deal with espionage, research and analysis. The other activities, propaganda, intervention and dirty tricks, should not be in the intelligence agency."

The Second Oldest Profession

The problem of the association—or disassociation—of secret political operations and intelligence is not, as Mr. Lippmann seems to suggest,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

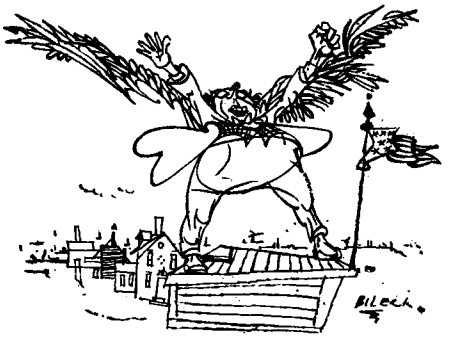
a new one. Nor is it specifically and solely American. For the past century or more it has occupied many hundreds of competent minds, not only perceptive in the ways of power but responsible in some measure for its exercise in many lands.

Prior to that, the two functions were associated in a single person —an ambassador—and were an integral feature of diplomacy and the international scene. Don Bernardino de Mendoza, ambassador of King Philip II of Spain and Portugal at the court of King Henri III of France during the years of the great English-Spanish rivalry, did not restrict himself, for example, to reporting to his royal master the gleanings of his extensive espionage network on French military capabilities and dispositions and the development of French policy. He naturally assumed that it was also his duty to influence that development in such a way that the French tendency to come to the aid of England would not materialize. To that end he intrigued with the Duc de Guise, he bribed the Queen Mother, he spent time and money on the French petty nobles and merchants whose sympathies counted, and he secretly subsidized the organizers and instigators of the Parisian anti-Protestant mobs that in the end would defeat the King. He was thus able to immobilize France at the desired critical moment. He was in his day a very good ambassador. Neither he nor his many successors on the world diplomatic stage up to recent times—including some of the American Founding Fathers—felt obliged to separate their "genuine intelligence" functions from their secret political activities.

What has happened over the past century or more has been the gradual administrative separation of these two functions from professional diplomacy—for reasons as much sociological and technological as philosophical or moral. (There was, of course, the dubious contribution of "open covenants, openly arrived at," which has complicated but not changed matters.) But what has been altered in this process are only the terms, and not at all the basic problems, of international intercourse, for the two functions correspond to compelling realities in the responsible conduct of a nation's affairs.

The extent to which they may supplement modern diplomatic practice is determined, as it always has been, by the particularities of conflict in international relations and not the other way round. Russia's years of covert subversion of western governments and societies—to take an obvious example—was no more the reason for the German attack on the Soviet Union in 1941 than it was for the alliance of the United States and Great Britain with the Soviet Union against Germany.

That the United States, for obvious historical reasons, was finally confronted only in this century with the need to integrate these functions within its own government does not obviate the fact that they have nowhere ever ceased to exist. To dismiss them as mere manifes-



tations of "the corruption which has resulted from the cold war" with Russia during the past twenty years is not merely imprudent; it is to ignore the breadth of geography and the length of history.

THE PROBLEM, then, for which Mr. Lippmann offers a ready solution is really the technical one of where to house and how to administer these two functions.

When the CIA was established in 1947, it was limited operationally to secret intelligence and to "such other functions and duties related to intelligence" as the National Security Council might direct. By the following year the need for an agency for secret political operations was already felt; in the absence of one, such operations were constantly having to be improvised in the State Department and our embassies. The decision then taken to house the two functions within the CIA followed an examination of the alternatives available, of the experience of other nations, and of the demands of U.S. law and custom. It is, of course, open to question whether this decision is still valid twenty years later. Mr. Lippmann has in effect concluded that it is not.

The "prime example" that Mr. Lippmann adduces for this conclusion is the Bay of Pigs fiasco, which he attributes to the fact that the same men "who were running the invasion had also to advise the President on its prospects." The point is debatable at best. Besides ignoring, among other vital elements in the Cuban affair, a singular operational laxity, political incompetence, and a high-handed disregard for the classic principles of cover, the same point may be used to argue that the two functions were merely integrated too far down in the CIA bureaucracy.

Mr. Lippmann thus ignores a cardinal point that had a compelling influence on the decision referred to above—namely, the fact that the two functions of secret intelligence and secret political action are to a very large extent inextricable.

One of the rarities in that "genuine" intelligence whose necessity Mr. Lippmann concedes is an operation devoid of political connections or significance. When, after the Second World War, the U.S. government, first through the Army and later through the CIA, engaged in a working arrangement in Germany with the former Nazi intelligence chief on the Eastern Front, General Reinhard Gehlen, there may have been those on the U.S. side who considered this a "genuine" intelligence operation with no political implications. General Gehlen and his staff knew otherwise. They had succeeded where all the rest of the German political and military hierarchy had failed: they had brought about cooperative Allied and German action against the Russians. The achievement may be interpreted as one wishes; it remains a political fact.

Similarly, there is no political operation conceivable, whether it be a simple secret subsidy or a full-scale effort to overthrow a hostile government, that does not produce

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"true" intelligence—usually in abundance. Whatever the form or scale of the operation, it is a connection with the adversary. Quite apart from the success or failure of the political objectives, it must be followed closely for its intelligence content—for what it reveals of the adversary's actions, techniques, interests, resources, and intent. (To conclude from this that U.S. students subsidized to attend an international youth congress must be trained as "spies," or even be used unwittingly as such, is fallacious: there are very considerable differences between the conduct of political operations and espionage.) As policy must deal with the political implications and consequences of intelligence operations, so intelligence is intimately concerned with the inevitable by-products of political operations.

THERE IS thus a community of interests that accounts for the intimate association of the two types of secret operations. But there is a conflict of interest between them, too, that, however paradoxically, also suggests their inseparability. In 1947, for example, a purely political view of the arrangements made with General Gehlen would have held them to be highly questionable, if not self-defeating. (A purely moral view would, no doubt, have judged them reprehensible.) But from an intelligence standpoint, in view of the vastly outnumbered and inadequately informed U.S. forces in Central Europe, the arrangement was not only justifiable but necessary. When conflicts of interest of this kind occur, as they do constantly, decisions must be made. Once made, they must be followed. While it is possible for these decisions to be made by an interdepartmental committee, it is manifestly impossible for such a committee to execute them.

The fact is that even within a single agency there is no ideal solution to the conflict of interests between the two functions, and this being the case, their highly sensitive relationship to diplomacy dictates their association under one roof. Both types of operations are, in effect, a kind of vanguard of diplomacy, reflecting the underlying realities of international relations sometimes well in advance of their translation into current news. The establishment by French Intelligence, for example, of a special unit for the surveillance of Americans long antedated President de Gaulle's expulsion of Allied forces from France. Similarily in 1965, the tacit Soviet co-operation with western secret services to try to prevent Zanzibar from falling under Chinese influence (both western and Soviet influence on the island had been declining since the 1964 revolution) came before the open clash of Rus-

sian and Chinese interests over Vietnam. In sum, both secret intelligence and secret political action continue to be related intimately—and universally—to the conduct of foreign affairs. If there are still American ambassadors who do not know this, their numbers are dwindling.

A Confusion of Categories

The separation of secret political operations from "genuine intelligence" was only the first part of Mr. Lippmann's solution. The second part, although it was foreshadowed in the first two columns, became explicit only in the final article on February 28. It was to do away with secret political operations.

"Secret propaganda would be abolished," Mr. Lippmann wrote on February 23. "In the rare cases where intervention was a vital necessity," he added somewhat offhandedly of a very complex business, "it could be set up secretly enough in the Defense Department." He concluded: "As to the dirty tricks," a pejorative term he has favored for a decade and a half, "like bribing a politician somewhere abroad, the American republic will survive if such dirty tricks are not performed."

Setting aside the oddity of Mr. Lippmann's choice of the Defense Department to handle political intervention (in the event of a separation of the two functions, surely it is "genuine intelligence" and not political intervention that should be assigned to the Pentagon), the real significance of his solution lies in his complete misunderstanding of the nature of secret political operations.

Mr. Lippmann's three categories —secret propaganda, intervention, and "dirty tricks"—are more rhetorical than real. If they are meant seriously, they are an astounding oversimplification, amounting to a parody of the reality. His charged and contemptuous phrase "bribing a politician somewhere abroad" is a case in point: it reveals that Mr. Lippmann has never been in close proximity with the frequently delicate and sometimes rending complexities of political life "somewhere abroad." It also underscores, ungenerously, a risk that unfortunately too often accompanies foreign co-operation with American interests: in times of peril the guide is a stalwart hero and friend; but once the danger has vanished, he becomes a menial who was bought. One wonders in which of his three categories Mr. Lippmann would place the CIA's secret subsidy of summer camps for children in a part of the world where, as it happened, they played a valuable political role?

The point is certainly not that secret political operations are eleemosynary undertakings. It is that they are as varied as the interests of diplomacy itself and are an integral part of the full range of diplomatic action. Their secrecy is not arbitrary, but the result of a tacit understanding between the practitioners of international politics. They are, for the most part, con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceived under the authority of Prime Ministers and Presidents as a means of avoiding precisely those open confrontations in which "intervention," overt or covert, sadly becomes "a vital necessity." If Mr. Lippmann's prescriptions were fulfilled, their reappearance on the American scene —but with far less co-ordination and control—would be only a matter of time.

In support of his proposal to abolish secret political operations, Mr. Lippmann presented a further argument. "The question before us today," he wrote in his final article, "is whether the activities of the CIA which are outside genuine intelligence, that is to say its black propaganda, its interventionist operations, its 'dirty tricks,' are truly in the national interest." Mr. Lippmann answered that they are "self-defeating."

This conclusion, and all that flows logically from it, rests on a premise central to Mr. Lippmann's whole approach. "I venture to argue," he continued, "that black propaganda, secret interventions, intrigue and subordination are incompatible with our own society. They are the methods of a totalitarian state and without a totalitarian environment of secrecy and terror, they are unworkable."

This is a vast premise. To some extent, its validity rests on accepting the charged language. (Does "intrigue" really mark a state as "totalitarian"?) For the rest, it depends on brushing aside the fact just noted that, whatever their variants and however spare their use, such operations are a common feature of relations between states. To ignore this fact is to evoke an unreal world exclusively divided between the vice of totalitarianism and the virtue of "our open society." The Israeli kidnapping of Adolf Eichmann from the territory of a friendly sovereign state did nothing to advance the cause of international law; but did it really make of Israel a "totalitarian state"? Are we to believe that, because some of our oldest, best, and most civilized allies also have regular and not infrequently successful recourse to these techniques, the lives of their citizens are really passed in an "environment of secrecy and terror"? In a sweeping generalization, Mr. Lippmann has obliterated all distinctions between power achieved and expressed by brutality, which *is* totalitarian, and the responsible exercise in secrecy of duly bestowed and delegated authority, which is not.

As We Are—or Were?

An analysis of Mr. Lippmann's reasoning shows it to bear a marked resemblance to the familiar doctrine of Original American Virtue. With evident satisfaction, Mr. Lippmann pointed out on February 21 that "The noises you hear around the CIA," meaning, of course, the public clamor of outrage and denunciation, are the accompaniment of a process in which "the older and more permanent features of the American scene are reappearing." These features were not specified. But in the context it is clear that they were obscured after the CIA was authorized to engage in secret political operations, and that they were not so obscured before that. The language used to contrast the two periods ("the enormous deception" as against "we are ourselves again") reveals Mr. Lippmann's major premise to be that, in our international conduct, we have fallen from the moral heights which are our more normal habitat.

It is true that popular tradition tends, in retrospect, to endow American statesmen of earlier generations with the aura of a certain rectitude. It is said, for example, that Henry L. Stimson, confronted as Secretary of State in 1929 with the fruits of a code-breaking operation, refused to read "other people's mail." But there is a legitimate question whether this apparent rectitude was also real, or whether, even if real enough in a period of limited U.S. involvement abroad, it can in fact be characterized as one of the "permanent features of the American scene." We know that from 1940 onward, as Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson was brilliantly served by and grateful for his access to "other people's mail."

Mr. Lippmann makes a partial allowance for the necessity "to fight fire with fire," and for the claim that "we were then at war and that all is fair...," etc. (Only partial, for he then declares that the present events "show that something is wrong with the argument.") Presumably, this argument would cover the secret connivance of the French poet and playwright Beaumarchais, the French government, the American Continental Congress, and its agents Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane in the false trading firm of Hortalez & Cie, to whose efforts the American victory at Saratoga was due. And since we are concerned here with the moral aspect, what are we to make of the subsequent refusal of Congress for more than half a century to reimburse the heirs of Beaumarchais for his considerable out-of-pocket expenses? Above all, what are we to make of our promotion of the Panamanian Revolution of 1903, and the role therein of the New York law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, which acted on behalf both of its client, the French canal company, and of the U.S. government—then without a CIA?

HEWING CLOSELY to his insistence on moral significance, Mr. Lippmann also wrote that "the United States government has compromised professions and institutions on whose purity the hope of American freedom depends." The validity of this statement depends in part on the acceptance of a notion peculiarly American: It is that a nation is composed not of the people and their government but of the people against their government. Many other peoples are just as assiduous as Americans in guarding against encroachments by government on their liberties, but few among them would give serious allegiance to the recent declaration by the newly elected governor of California—"Government is still the greatest threat to freedom in our lives."

There are other questions as well. Is the financial association of private organizations and professions with government—particularly for limited purposes, and even if hidden —really impure? And is it really on the "purity" of these institutions and professions that "the hope of American freedom depends"?

In this connection Mr. Lippmann notes: "If the students and professors went abroad openly on government expense accounts, neutral

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

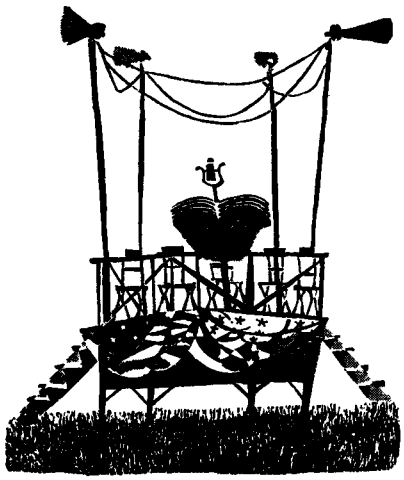
opinion abroad would no longer have treated them as free men and as essentially different from the paid agents of tyranny." Actually, if this were true, the reason might rather lie in the fact that we have so insistently proclaimed that it is true. British lecturers traveling under the auspices of the government-supported British Council are not in fact dismissed by audiences abroad, neutral or other, as "paid agents of tyranny" or their equivalent. If Russian, Chinese, Bulgarian, or perhaps even Formosan delegates to a student conference are regarded as such by their audience, the fact that their expenses are paid by their governments is the least of the reasons leading to that conclusion. The element of secrecy adds little to the equation. Was "The Beautiful Blue Danube" musically impure and its composer a "paid agent of tyranny" because—as Dominique Auclères recently reminded the readers of *Le Figaro*—its first great success, which occurred in Paris exactly one hundred years ago, was part of a secret arrangement between the Austrian embassy and the editor of *Le Figaro* to popularize a Franco-Austrian alliance against Prussia?

It seems to me that purity is a concept of doubtful utility in human affairs, and that integrity, which is both real and attainable, is more to the point. An intellectual may abandon his purity in accepting money from his government, if that is the locally prevailing ethos. But he does not thereby have to sacrifice his integrity. All depends on the man. An intellectual whose integrity cannot withstand the assault of a government check will in all likelihood be unable to preserve it in the face of the blandishments of almost any affluent advertiser.

The Domino Effect

A major weakness of the moral approach to these matters is that it blocks off more pertinent avenues of inquiry as to what went wrong. Mr. Lippmann opined (one might almost say exulted), "As we are ourselves again it becomes self-evident that we cannot play international games as if we were a totalitarian society. For the men who carried out the operation [the National Student Association subsidies]—as good men as we have—were not capable of enough deviousness to deceive everyone and enough terrorism to suppress all doubt." Perhaps. But a number of other possibilities suggest themselves.

Contrary to what Mr. Lippmann believes, the success of secret political operations abroad (even those of totalitarian states, if they are not to be "self-defeating") does not depend on "terrorism." It depends, among other things, on ingenuity and thoroughness in devising cover, which properly should embrace even the possibility of disclosure. As it happens, many persons familiar with such matters have for years viewed with alarm the fragility and sloppiness of the funding arrangements for just those operations which have lately been uncovered. As a British observer commented,



"A persistent problem with CIA operations is that not enough thought is given to what might happen when they are exposed."

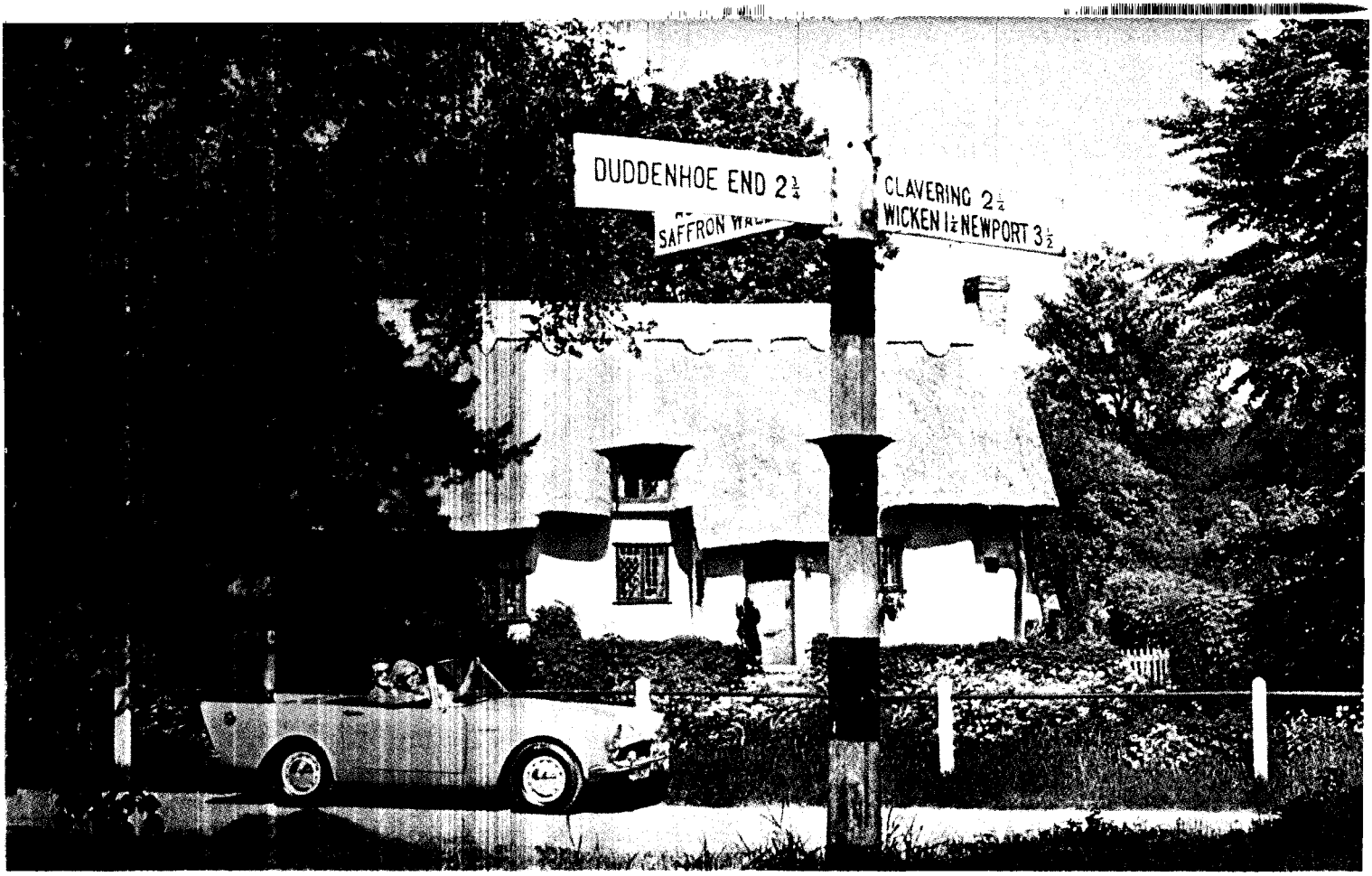
Anyone familiar with the personalities involved will fully endorse Mr. Lippmann's characterization of Richard Helms as "an admirable director of the CIA." He might even agree in general that Helms's subordinates are "as good men as we have." But this does not exclude the possibility of those subordinate rivalries, even vendettas, which flourish in any bureaucracy. Are we entitled to conclude that the rapid sequence of disclosures of other operations following on that concerning the National Student Association was entirely due to an automatic domino effect? There are precedents for speculating about the ramifications of rivalry within the CIA.

There is also the question whether these operations were allowed to drag on, with their flimsy cover arrangements, past their need or usefulness. (Some years ago, the initiator of these operations, now dead, surveying their flourishing growth, remarked sadly, "And to think that we set these up as emergency operations.") However, there are two sides to the question: a number of the operations exposed in February were in fact terminated at various times during preceding years. But the absorption in moral problems allows neither side to be intelligently considered.

A FINAL DIFFICULTY with Mr. Lippmann's hoisting the banner of Original American Virtue in the present case is that, being essentially offensive to others as well as somewhat shakily grounded, it invites impolite and often unanswerable rejoinders. In contrasting the relatively bland reception accorded the New York *Times*'s April, 1966, series of articles on the CIA and the reaction to the recent less systematic exposures, Mr. Lippmann found the explanation in "the Big Thaw, which has been under way in Europe for several years, and has now reached America." Where panic and fear do not prevail, he declared, "the old and real character of the people will not stay suppressed. This is one of the characteristics of a people who have been habituated to freedom so long that it is part of their very nature."

The response was soon forthcoming. The Parisian weekly *L'Express*, which normally quotes Mr. Lippmann with mixed glee and respect on the subject of Vietnam, and which has been one of the leading critics of the involvement of the French intelligence service in the Ben Barka affair, took note in its February 27 issue of Mr. Lippmann's analysis. "And suddenly," scoffed *L'Express*, "the danger past, this puritan and democratic country is indignant over the impurities to which until now it preferred to close its eyes. America henceforth feels itself sufficiently secure to have, once again, clean hands."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

Car hire, $63 a week. Bed and breakfast, $5 a night. Peace and quiet, no charge.

We *have* a splendid new superturnpike in Britain, but it's quite easy to avoid. And if you should blunder onto it, the exits are prominently marked.

Any exit will lead you to a land of vagrant roads and byways. And they're nearly always well-paved. Dirt surfaces are few and far between.

Where do these little lanes go? Nowhere, really. They wiggle between flowery hedgerows, through drowsy woods and over rolling hills.

Signposts point to Melbury Bubb, Idle, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

When you get there—wherever *there* is—you'll find reasons for having come. Maybe a cozy bed and a thumping great breakfast for about five dollars. Or a fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked bread, country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

Walk off all that food. Our roads have so little traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

Signposts and samaritans

You won't get lost. Britain isn't an unfamiliar country. (You know many of the town names from novels and history books.) And the signposts and people speak your language.

Another blessing, when you're back in the car: Britain's two great motor clubs keep over 3,000 patrols on the road to help drivers. They'll point out the way for you; even change a tire.

Tiny distances

Shunpiking in Britain gives you the best of two worlds. You travel at an ambling pace, but you arrive a good deal sooner than you expected. That's because distances here are short by American standards.

For example, you can visit a dozen old cathedral towns within 150 miles of London.

The best shunpiking season

Britons prefer the spring and fall. Roads are uncrowded then. So are inns and hotels.

You can save as much as 25% on car hire. And transatlantic fares are lower, too.

Send the coupon today for a free 52-page color book, "Vacations in Britain," for more facts on shunpiking. Read it slowly; in low gear, so to speak. Then turn in at your travel agent's.

This is a mailing label. Please *type* or use *block letters*.

British Travel, Box 4100, New York, N.Y. 10017

TO:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

403

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue; Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; Also Offices in Canada.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This mathematician wants to spur creativity in textile design.

What's she doing at IBM?

Janice Lourie's job at IBM is finding new ways to make computers useful—using her training as a mathematician. In her off hours, she handweaves fabrics of her own design.

Because of her knowledge of this ancient craft, she was assigned to see if computers could be used to help in the actual design of textiles.

To find out firsthand, Mrs. Lourie—still working for IBM—spent a year in North Carolina and New York textile plants as an apprentice designer. There she found that a designer often spends a hundred hours of laborious handwork, making the diagram that translates a new design into fabric.

Then she worked out a way to reduce hours of work to minutes. A new design is fed into an IBM System/360 computer, then projected onto the TV-like screen of an IBM graphic display unit. Using a "light-pen" to draw directly on this screen, the designer can experiment with hundreds of different weaves, stored in the computer, in order to interpret the artist's visual concept.

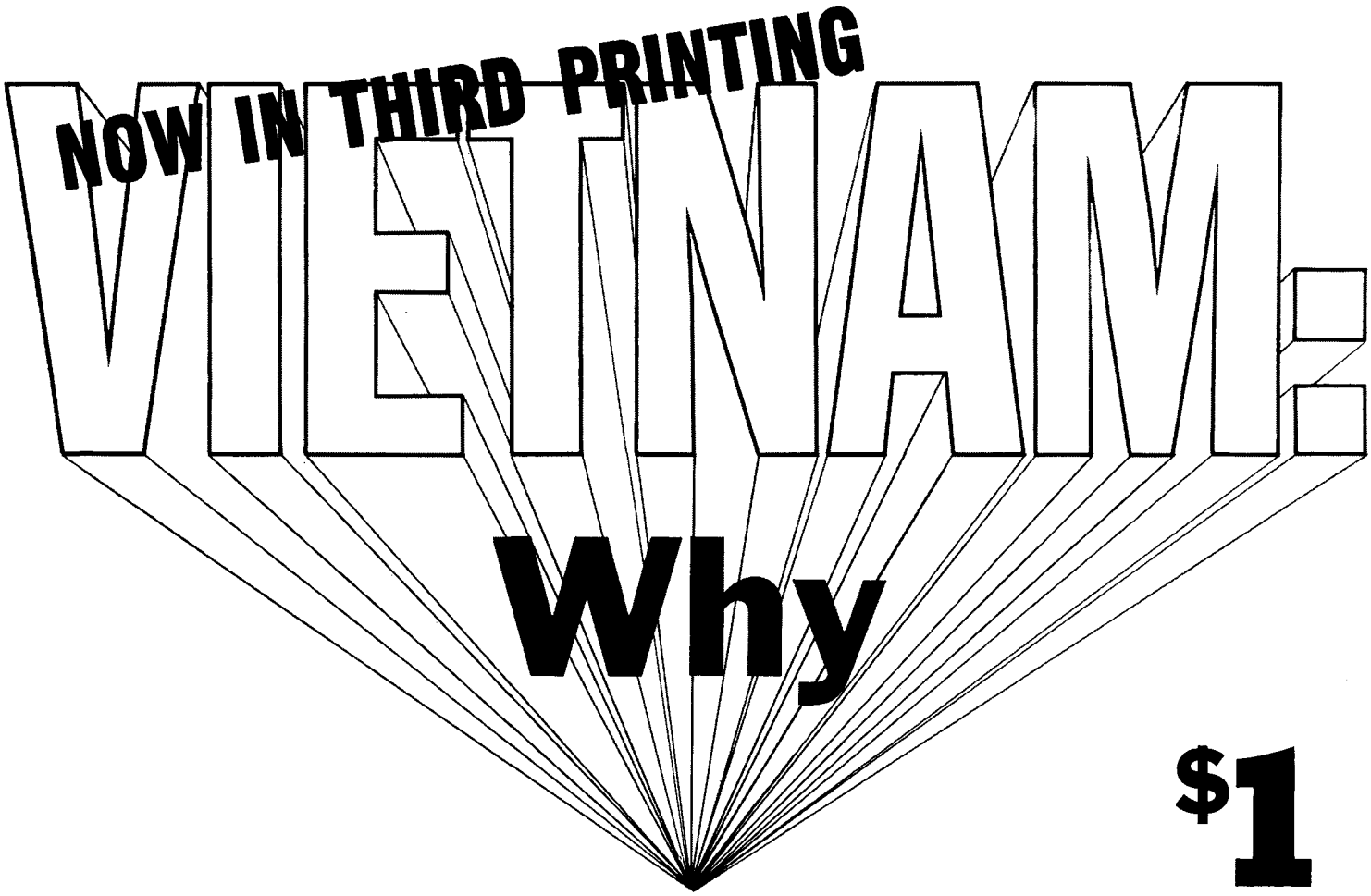
Once having chosen the final combination of weaves that he wants, the designer pushes a button. Instantly, the computer can convert the design directly into instructions that operate the loom.

The designer thus not only has more time to be creative; he has a unique tool to help him create.

Janice Lourie is one of the many people at IBM, who work hard to understand problems—and then find ways to solve them through the use of computers.

®

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With the first printing of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a second edition—expanded from 56 to 64 pages.

Vietnam: Why has proved, evidently, most useful to those who want to have an understanding of the situation in that country—as it affects the United States, Southeast Asia, indeed, the world. Such an understanding *is essential to all responsible Americans.*

The confusion...the dissension...the *emotions* which surround the war led us to prepare the backgrounder report —*Vietnam: Why.*

Vietnam: Why traces the history of our increasing participation in the war through a compilation of recent, pivotal articles by Denis Warner, Richard C. Hottelet, Philip Geyelin, Takashi Oka, Douglas Pike, Stanley Andrews, and Victor Bator.

In 1965 and 1966, THE REPORTER and Max Ascoli, as editor, and Denis Warner, as correspondent, were cited by The Overseas Press Club for "best reporting from abroad" and "best interpretation of foreign affairs." Much of that coverage was on Southeast Asia. Much of it is published in *Vietnam: Why.*

There are articles on China, the N.L.F., Thailand, the young generals, the refugee problem, the Ho Chi Minh trail, the Buddhists, the Geneva Agreements. Plus Max Ascoli's editorials spelling out THE REPORTER's position.

Vietnam: Why is a book worth owning—REPORTER size (8¾ by 11 inches), containing 64 pages. There is a special foreword and section identifying the writers. In all, you will find 15 articles plus six editorials in *Vietnam: Why.*

Here is a book that will serve you well as a reference. In fact, it is a book you might well want to give to friends who, too, are seeking more information than is available in the daily press or newsweeklies.

And if you order your copy now, you will receive it within a fortnight. Order *today,* won't you? You will be very glad you did.

Clip and mail today

THE REPORTER,
660 Madison Avenue,
New York, New York 10021

Send me_____copies of *Vietnam: Why* at just $1 each. My payment is enclosed. (If you order 10 or more copies, deduct 10% per copy.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip____

THE REPORTER, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

De Gaulle Surveys the Damage

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

AT THE FIRST Council of Ministers meeting held after the French legislative elections last month, President de Gaulle surprised the cabinet members, who had not exactly been looking forward to the encounter, by the serenity of his comments on the mediocre Gaullist electoral performance. The race, he pointed out, had been so close that according to his personal calculations a change of only ten thousand votes in the country as a whole would have sufficed to give the Fifth Republic coalition a solid majority of thirty-six seats in the National Assembly. The actual Gaullist majority—now a contested and precarious two seats—was slender, he admitted, but it was enough "to act, to lead, and to effect change."

In addition to bolstering both the government's public image and its morale, de Gaulle's analysis of the post-electoral situation in France was realistic from the purely technical standpoint. Even if the present majority should become a minority through deaths and defections, the opposition would not automatically come to power. In such circumstances de Gaulle's predicament would be nearer that of an American President facing an unruly Congress than of a British Prime Minister threatened with the loss of office every time one of his backbenchers came down with the flu.

Yet, as de Gaulle doubtless realizes better than anyone else, his real problem cannot be meaningfully stated in terms of parliamentary arithmetic or constitutional prerogative alone. The margin of his majority must not worry him as much as the apparent decline of the Gaullist appeal and the corresponding resurgence of a dynamic leftist movement in France. De Gaulle has repeatedly demonstrated his sensitivity to the deep currents of popular feeling; he can therefore hardly fail to see that he is now confronted, less than halfway through his second term as President, not with an incipient crisis of government but with a potential crisis of the régime. But he has survived more dramatic challenges, and as usual he counts on his adversaries to undo themselves.

IN FACT, the President's best long-term hope for finishing his political career in splendor, or at least in tranquillity, may well lie in what today seems his most present danger: the rising winds of social discontent that have begun to blow across France. Labor unrest, stemming in part from the recent somewhat sluggish pace of French economic development, in part from the relatively low priority the government has given to certain forms of welfare, has been growing for months, especially in the provinces. So has the sense of grievance felt by some French farmers—notably the wine-growers of the south—who have not yet shared in the prosperity that the Common Market has brought to a good part of the French countryside.

The unexpected strength and discipline that the leftist coalition displayed in the second round of the elections, together with talk by the Gaullists themselves about the need for a French New Deal, inevitably touched off a new round of strikes—some of them sit-ins or attempted sit-ins—throughout the nation. "The new situation," Etienne Fajon, a prominent Communist leader, wrote in *L'Humanité* a few days after the elections, "favors the surge of united mass action in support of social demands, of freedom, and of peace. In this popular surge and struggle the Communist Party will join with its whole heart and its whole strength."

From de Gaulle's viewpoint, nothing might be timelier than a nationwide outbreak of demagogic strikes and tumultuous street demonstrations spearheaded by the Communists. French bourgeois old enough to remember 1936 still shudder when they recall the great wave of semi-revolutionary sit-in strikes that engulfed France after the victory of the original Popular Front. Even a mild recrudescence of such disorder would push the members of the Center opposition who survived the elections into the arms of the Gaullist majority, and tend to drive a wedge between the more moderate Socialist or Catholic elements and their Communist allies in the new Popular Front. At the same time it would probably splinter the resistance of right-wing elements in the Gaullist camp to the far-reaching social reforms that the President himself is now reported to desire.

La Nouvelle Gauche

Waldeck Rochet, the head of the French Communist Party and the real driving force behind the leftist bloc, is too shrewd a tactician not to realize that premature or excessive mass agitation would play into de Gaulle's hands. There have been some indications that Rochet, like his predecessor, the late Maurice Thorez, inclines toward the moderate or revisionist wing of French Communism and would like to lay the foundations for a durable alliance between the Communists and the non-Communist Left—as long as the Communists dominate it. He has to take the French party's strong neo-Stalinist faction into account, however. Above all, like all orthodox French Communists, he appears to live in mortal dread of having his ideological flank turned by the French equivalent of the New Left. For while the Communist electoral comeback was impressive, one of the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most striking political phenomena in this country during the last year or two has been the upsurge of left-wing extremism whose ideological inspiration comes from non-Soviet and sometimes even non-Marxist sources.

The Chinese Cultural Revolution —accompanied by sizable covert Chinese subsidies to European revolutionaries—has perhaps been the main influence, but there are other quite different trends, mingling neo-anarchist patterns of political action with current Left Bank politico-intellectual fads. Numerically, the activist splinter groups of the new, far-out Left hardly count, but the Communists and some more objective observers have been impressed by their apparent appeal to a section of French youth and even some labor circles. The existence of such groups and trends injects an unpredictable element into the resurgence of the French Left; it might equally well disintegrate the nascent Popular Front or help it eventually to develop an explosive, revolutionary force.

MUCH, OF COURSE, depends upon how adroitly and vigorously de Gaulle maneuvers to exploit the Left's internal contradictions. He must offer the French workers something to make them accept the painful sacrifices—notably, reduced social-insurance benefits and increased transportation costs—that will be necessary if French industry is to survive the competitive strains of the Common Market. Since there is now no room in the budget for drastically improved social services, the small but militant group of left-wing Gaullists is pressing the President to offer some dramatic and concrete reform embodying the old Gaullist ideal of a more equal partnership between labor and capital. Nothing, however, alarms French conservatives more than such talk, and the vagueness that has surrounded it from the first only makes it seem the more alarming. Hence if de Gaulle, in trying to undercut the Popular Front, finally comes out with some truly revolutionary innovation in the relationship of management and labor, he will risk the defection of his conservative support.

The defectors might even include the followers of former Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, whose "Yes, but . . ." Gaullism proved more popular with the French electorate than the unconditional loyalty of de Gaulle's UNR. If Giscard and a sizable body of his fifty independent Republican deputies—who have flatly refused to merge organically with the other Gaullist factions in a single parliamentary group—should ever desert the majority, the latent crisis of the régime would become overt. De Gaulle naturally wants to avoid the break if possible, but not, some observers are convinced, at the price of giving the Right a power of veto on his projected social reforms. If these observers are correct, de Gaulle is much less concerned with conciliating the marginal elements of the Center or the Right—many of whom did not hesitate to vote for a Communist in order to keep out a Gaullist—than with preventing the present political division in the country from crystallizing along class lines.

Above all, de Gaulle is reported determined somehow to revive the popular enthusiasm that was conspicuously absent, even among his nominal supporters, in the last elections. The key Gaullist themes in the campaign—stability and national independence—evidently won widespread acceptance, but they did not appear to stir the emotions or capture the imagination of the majority.

Blame the Computers

There are many reasons why the Gaullist magic has begun to fail. The President's foreign policy has involved so many abrupt tactical changes of position that the masses tend to lose sight of its long-range, positive goals. Sometimes it almost seems that de Gaulle himself does. The goal of intimate Franco-German partnership to build a united Europe, for example, once inspired wide and deep enthusiasm in France, but de Gaulle has chosen, for the time being at least, to sidetrack its realization in favor of a broader, fuzzier concept of "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals" that nobody really understands. The greater part of the French nation enjoys a kind of tepid well-being, but the continued rise in national living standards that can reasonably be anticipated in the next few years appears so modest that it leaves many Frenchmen, especially young ones, with a sense of disappointment and frustration. French industry is steadily being modernized and the French economy is still expanding, but the glamor that surrounded modernization and expansion in the 1950's has vanished.

General de Gaulle's Olympian manner of looking after the destinies of France deprives ordinary Frenchmen of any strong sense of participation. His ministers or senior officials talk to the public in the tones of a governess, while the officially controlled mass media deluge it with soothing syrup. Since the elections there has been a tendency in official circles to blame the Gaullist near-defeat in the second round on the wildly overoptimistic computerized predictions, based on the brilliant Gaullist showing in the first round, put out by certain public-opinion institutes. Thousands of staunch Fifth Republic partisans were thus lulled into a false sense of security, it is charged, and went fishing instead of to the polls. There may be some substance to the complaint, but the Gaullists tend to forget that the incriminated polls and predictions would not have had such an impact if government-controlled and pro-Gaullist media had not played them up so irresponsibly.

IT IS POSSIBLE that the existence of a powerful opposition in Parliament will eventually prove a blessing to the Gaullists by forcing them to adopt more adult forms of mass persuasion than they have recently employed. It is also possible that the tough political battle they must now wage with a militant Left—whether on the floor of the National Assembly or in the streets and factories—will revive their own waning dynamism. One thing is certain: the elections were a beginning, not an end. As far as de Gaulle is concerned, the game is neither lost nor won. It will go on until miscalculation, accident, or superior skill in maneuver finally tips the scales to one side or the other, toward de Gaulle or toward the Left. The day that will happen may be weeks, months, or years ahead. In the meantime the stakes are steadily rising—for France and for the world.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the Marines Fight the 'Other War'

SHERWOOD DICKERMAN

DA NANG

SEVEN MILES north of Da Nang, the village of Hoa Hiep forms a pastoral cluster on the western side of Route 1, the north-south coastal highway. Separated by hedgerows and irrigation ditches, Hoa Hiep's four main hamlets make up a fertile oasis between the coast to the immediate east and the arid sand flats that run into purple foothills to the west. Broad paddies, gardens, and herds of water buffalo give them a prosperous air.

It is eleven o'clock on a sunny morning. "We'll go in column here," the Marine corporal says, and his four men drop back six feet apart. With rifles unslung, they enter the main hamlet of Xuan Thieu, moving along a neatly swept dirt path between hedgerows.

The Marines enter a courtyard bordered by three trimly thatched bamboo huts. The corporal looks into the largest one and beckons to someone inside. "Here she is," he says to his men. "Come on out, kid." A girl emerges, smiling with a trace of nervousness. She is pretty, in her late teens or early twenties, and neatly dressed in peasant slacks and blouse. A woman with a deeply wrinkled face and an old man with a cane follow her out, bowing and smiling at the Marines. The corporal gives the girl a sour, knowing grin. "She picked up the carbine and ran with it," he says. The girl looks flustered but does not lose her company smile.

Nice Girls in Xuan Thieu

Two weeks before, a Vietcong guerrilla was shot and killed in this yard after opening fire on a joint night patrol of Marines and Vietnamese Popular Force militiamen. He was the grandson of the old man and woman. The Marines are not sure whether he was the girl's brother or her husband; it doesn't matter, for the family admits that she was serving dinner to a group of Vietcong when the shooting took place.

The joint patrol involved in the shooting was from a fortified outpost three hundred yards away on Route 1, where fourteen Marines, a Navy corpsman, and twenty Vietnamese Popular Force troopers make up a single fighting unit, the second platoon of the combined-action company of the Force Logistics Command. As the patrol was moving along the hamlet's main path that night, a scout dog in the lead bristled and snarled at the darkened courtyard. An instant later, the Vietcong shot at the Marine who was in charge of the dog, severely wounding him in the chest. Behind him, another Marine whipped up his automatic rifle and killed the Vietcong with a single burst of fire. For the next few minutes, as the Marines tried to minister to the wounded man, the scout dog, trained to attack everyone except her handler, stood loyally over his unconscious body, snarling and slashing at those who tried to touch him. One Marine finally wrapped his forearm in a field jacket and wrestled the animal to the ground while the handler was given first aid.

Meanwhile the Vietcong who had been enjoying a late meal at the farmhouse slipped away through the surrounding paddies, leaving their comrade's body behind. Under sharp questioning the next day, villagers differed on just how many Vietcong were there that night. But several agreed that the girl ran out to retrieve the dead man's carbine, fled with the guerrillas, and did not return home until the next day.

She looks pleasant. But in Xuan Thieu nice girls and their parents are more likely than not to favor the Vietcong. It would be easy to round up the entire family as Vietcong sympathizers, but the Marines, using cop-on-the-beat psychology, prefer to leave them there "so we know where to look." The corporal in charge waves the still smiling girl back into the hut, and the Marines move on.

XUAN THIEU, fortunately, is not wholly typical of the myriad hamlets of Quang Nam, the richest, most populous, and most hotly contested of the five provinces that make up the Marines' northern area I Corps. But neither is it unique in its loyalty to the Vietcong local-force platoon that roams between Hoa Hiep and the nearby hills. Hamlets like Xuan Thieu constitute the toughest challenge to this year's intensified drive to pacify the Vietnamese countryside.

The program of the combined-action company is the Marines' chief response to this challenge. Originated more than eighteen months ago by Lieutenant General Lewis W. Walt, commander of the III Marine Amphibious Force, it now deploys more than sixty mixed platoons of Marines and Popular Forces throughout I Corps. The number of platoons is expected to increase this year to 114, and their mission, now primarily the provision of security, will be expanded to include heavy emphasis on civic action, a massive

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public-welfare program supported largely with funds raised in the United States by Marine Reserve units and channeled through CARE.

The combined-action concept, somewhat reminiscent of the Marines' old training program for Caribbean constabularies, involves the merger of a squad of picked Marines with two or three squads of Popular Forces, the lowest-paid, least-trained, and poorest-armed branch of the Vietnamese military. When given confidence and effective leadership, some of these village militiamen can be very good soldiers.

In theory, the Marines provide the military stiffening that the Popular Forces need. In practice, they also provide the leadership, for though the Marines are "advisers," a Vietnamese seldom questions a U.S. sergeant's advice. For their part, the Vietnamese provide the Marines with a bridge over the barriers of language and custom. Moreover, as a Marine officer told me, "They can smell out a Vietcong in a farmhouse or a tunnel. They know the turf."

Each platoon is charged with defending and pacifying a single village. Unlike line units, which may linger in an area for a week or six months but then move on, permitting the Vietcong to move back, the platoon is committed to stay in its village till the area is safe. The Marine members, who are expected to have spent six months in the country, are also screened for the "people-to-people" potential that will enable them to work effectively with both the Popular Forces and the villagers. All speak at least rudimentary Vietnamese.

Try, Try Again

Pacification in I Corps this year will be no Marine monopoly, however, particularly in Quang Nam. The area from Da Nang fifteen miles south to the Hoi An River and thence eastward to the coast has been designated a national-priority area for the Saigon government's revamped Revolutionary Development teams. The fifty-nine-man teams, trained in public works, public health, education, and self-defense, will form a pacification structure paralleling and complementing the Marines' effort. Ideally, American Revolutionary Development advisers believe, the all-Vietnamese teams can go beyond the combined-action program in ways such as holding village elections to revive local democratic government. Some argue wistfully for use of the combined-action platoons primarily as a security screen. Marine officers, who see their own program as proved and the other system as still in doubt, suggest that combined action will provide a "fallback position if Revolutionary Development fails."

Such "ifs" reflect the failure of successive Saigon formulas for countryside pacification and the disappointing debut of the original Revolutionary Development effort last year. Six months after it began last May, that program was lagging badly and its teams were being withdrawn for intensified "motivational" training at Vung Tau. The retrained cadres have just begun to operate at the village level.

THE PLATOON at Hoa Hiep is as tough and intelligent as any other combined-action team. But it faces a difficult situation: like many other villages around Da Nang, Hoa Hiep has been Communist-controlled for at least twenty years. In Xuan Thieu alone, more than a hundred youths over thirteen are believed to have faded away to join the Vietcong last year. Most of the old men, the women, and the children who make up the population of the hamlets have sons, husbands, or brothers serving with the guerrillas. The Vietcong are seen as the local Robin Hoods, and village tradition as well as rural suspicion of big-city government and foreign troops works to their advantage. Hoa Hiep's headquarters hamlet straddling Route 1 is the home of all the Popular Forces in the platoon, and it is relatively friendly. These troops, however, are unwelcome visitors in other hamlets less than half a mile off the road.

The platoon was installed last July in a fort protected by a sandbagged three-story watchtower, bunkers, and barbed wire. Local security is still a distant goal. Last November 16 a Vietcong platoon hit the outpost hard with rockets and small arms and almost succeeded in overrunning it. And on February 6, in a subhamlet about half a mile from the outpost, the chief official, who had refused the degree of co-operation demanded by the Vietcong, was dragged by guerrillas from his house at night and shot to death in the street outside before a nearby patrol from the second platoon arrived.

The platoon sticks dutifully to its job. Though contact with the enemy is rare, the men patrol the surrounding paddies and sand flats up to nine hours a night. Its medical corpsman has given aid to as many as a hundred villagers in a day. One member, a contractor in civilian life who was the architect of the outpost's bunkers, has almost finished supervising the construction of a four-classroom high school, financed by the Marines of the Logistics Command. But the original "people-to-people" inspiration of some team members inevitably has been affected by the blank unfriendliness of the local people.

"We've barely scratched the surface here," the team sergeant told me. A Marine regular who has gone through ranger, parachute, and mountain-warfare training, he is not discouraged by tough assignments. "The people here don't smile at us much," he said, "but they smile more than they used to. We're making a start."

Dining Out in Phuoc Trach

The smile quotient may be as good an indicator as any of the Marines' success in winning hearts and minds in Quang Nam over the opposition of an estimated ten to twelve thousand provincial guerrillas. Fifteen miles south of Da Nang, in the fishing hamlet of Phuoc Trach, the smiles are frequent and the local combined-action platoon has a solid record of success.

Phuoc Trach lies on a broad peninsular sandspit flanked on the east by the South China Sea and on the west by the De Vong River. Its Popular Force garrison was overrun by the Vietcong in October, 1964, but for more than a year now it has been covered by a Marine security umbrella. A combined-action platoon was assigned there last October, and the hamlet has become something of a boom town. On orders of the Marines, more than two thousand people have moved in from other coastal hamlets, nearly doubling Phuoc Trach's population and putting more than half of the area's 7,600

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people under the control of either the platoon or a South Vietnamese Navy detachment that is the only other friendly force on that strip of coast. A company of about a hundred guerrillas still lurks on a river island south of Cam An, but these holdouts have largely been cut off from the people, their traditional source of food, money, and recruits.

The major advantage in moving to Phuoc Trach was in being able to use a bridge over the De Vong River that the Marines rebuilt last summer. The original bridge was sabotaged years ago by terrorists, and since then the fishermen had been forced to follow a tortuous river route to the nearby market, running a gantlet of Vietcong tax-collection points along the way. Now barefoot wives shuffle daily over the bridge with their husbands' catches, returning with household wares.

The Marines are popular in Phuoc Trach. Adults as well as children banter with them, and invitations to rice-and-fish dinners are available whenever the Americans tire of C-rations. More significantly, the platoon, armed with increasingly valuable information from the inhabitants, has been able to dent the village's undercover Communist organization. In January, on the basis of a local lead, the team raided a meeting outside the hamlet at which local Vietcong were planning the assassination of the village chief. A few days later, a patrol killed a Communist courier bearing documents that identified the local Vietcong finance officer. The man, who was arrested and sent to Hoi An for questioning, also happened to be the official village treasurer.

Convinced of the effectiveness of the combined-action company, the Marines are enthusiastic about the coming emphasis on the platoons' role in civic action. Perhaps the most impressive civic-action statistic in a country that has only eight hundred trained native doctors for a population of about sixteen million is that American medical corpsmen treated nearly 1,140,000 Vietnamese in I Corps during the thirteen months ended January 31. Marines also helped to build or rebuild more than fifteen hundred structures and distributed nearly two and a half million pounds of food.

The officer newly assigned to run the expanding program is Lieutenant Colonel William Corson, forty-one, a Chinese linguist and former economics instructor at Annapolis, who is eager to make such aid yield tangible military dividends.

How would he handle a troublesome village like Hoa Hiep? "Get security first," Corson says. "Then get economic development started. And once that's started, it will give the one informer I need." Corson's views are based on his experiences last year at a Vietcong-dominated village which, like Hoa Hiep, exhibited what he calls a village-centered nationalism ("We are Vietnamese and the Vietcong are our boys"). Avoiding ideological arguments, Corson chose instead to give the village's inhabitants an economic interest in aiding the Marines. He considered his technique proved after a newly prosperous operator of a Marine-sponsored pig farm warned him of an impending Vietcong attack on Da Nang's big military airbase.

Now he has plans for diversifying village economies with projects that range from beekeeping to raising tropical fish. "Scratch a peasant and you'll find a petty bourgeois," he says. "This year I'm going to scratch a lot of them."

Japan's Communists: Rich and Cautious

ARTHUR J. DOMMEN

Over the years, Japanese Communism has reflected the simultaneous attraction and repulsion that China exercises on all Japanese as a result of Japan's cultural indebtedness to China. Many of the Communist leaders spent the war years in China as a way of going underground and thus vicariously shared the successes of the Chinese Communists. Back in their own country after the war, they brought their mesmerization with China into the Japanese Communist Party, more especially since their radical goals and their rejection of the Emperor excluded them from playing a part in the resurgence of Japanese economic and political life. A tiny minority in postwar Japan, they fell to squabbling among themselves and with their fellow tenants of the left wing, the Socialists.

For a few months in the spring and summer of 1960, it looked as if the Japanese Communist Party might have a place on the political stage after all, in the ferment that involved Communists, Socialists, Zengakuren students, and intellectuals alike in the struggle to topple Premier Nobusuke Kishi. But the Communists and Socialists began arguing about whether Kishi or the United States was the main enemy, and when Kishi was replaced by another conservative, Hayato Ikeda, the Communists found that they had achieved little except to remind the public of their penchant for street violence.

In the years between 1960 and 1965 the ties between the JCP and Peking became closer and closer. JCP statements applauded the removal of Khrushchev, hailed the successful explosion of a nuclear device by China as a step toward peace, and defended China against Soviet attempts to marshal world Communist opinion in opposition to Peking. The Chinese-oriented policy was made clear at the annual ban-the-bomb conference of the international Left at Hiroshima in 1963. The JCP front organization, supporting China's right to atomic tests, was backed by the Peking delegates, while the Russians backed a rival Socialist group. It was also apparent from the fact that JCP delegations made twenty-four visits to China in 1964 and 1965, as against four to the Soviet Union. All this led many observers to the conclusion that the JCP was a firm ally of the Chinese Communists in their conflict with the Soviet Union. But while the JCP issued statements re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flecting the Chinese polemical line, the party not only continued to participate in constitutional politics in Japan but actually campaigned hard to bolster its membership and finances, playing down the themes of class struggle and the overthrow of the capitalist system. In retrospect, it appears that the significance of the expulsion in May, 1964, of the two JCP Diet members from the party for voting to ratify the nuclear test-ban treaty was not an indication of obeisance to Peking, as was believed at the time, but of party discipline carried out in accordance with a continuing belief in pursuing the parliamentary road to power.

A Growing Rift

Japanese Communist disenchantment with Peking apparently set in at the time of the liquidation of the Indonesian Communist Party at the end of 1965, and it was crystallized by the visit of the party's secretary-general, Kenji Miyamoto, to Peking in February and March of 1966. This was the incubation period of the Maoist Cultural Revolution, and its effects on Miyamoto turned the visit into a setback for Peking's relations with the Japanese Communists. Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Marshal Lin Piao, preoccupied at the time with the rising tide of revisionism in China, failed completely to give the Japanese visitors the reassurances they sought and in fact ended by making arrogant demands on them.

The main thread of events during Miyamoto's visit to Peking has recently been revealed through accounts published in the JCP newspaper *Akahata*. The most urgent subject of discussion between the Japanese delegation and the Chinese was Vietnam. After the start of the American bombing of North Vietnam in February, 1965, *Akahata* had called the provision of aid to the Vietnamese Communists "the most urgent task for all the anti-imperialist movements throughout the world." Shortly before Miyamoto's departure for Peking, another *Akahata* editorial on February 4, 1966, headed "For the Strengthening of International Unified Action and the United Front in Opposition to American Imperialism," had reviewed the subject at some length and had proposed hopefully that China and the Soviet Union make an effort to overcome their doctrinal differences in order to assist North Vietnam.

Miyamoto had signed joint communiqués with both the North Vietnamese and North Korean Communists during brief side trips from Peking to Hanoi and Pyongyang. These had endorsed an appeal for the urgent formation of an "anti-imperialist united front," obviously to include the Soviet Union. Miyamoto found it impossible to get the Chinese to subscribe to this formula. Just before his visit came to an end, on March 26, he declared at a reception: "Although we are opposed to revisionism, we should also be on guard against dogmatism."

Finally, on March 27, a draft communiqué was drawn up and approved by a Chinese party delegation headed by Premier Chou En-lai. But, according to *Akahata*, before it could be issued the Japanese delegation met with Mao, who insisted on including references to matters on which the two sides had not been able to agree. Among these were an explicit denunciation of the Soviet leadership as revisionist and a call for a united front against the United States and the Soviet Union that would have directly affronted the JCP's previous advocacy of a united front with the Soviet Union against the United States.

The failure to agree, emphasized by the absence of the usual communiqué, was soon confirmed by actions taken by the JCP leaders on their return to Japan. Miyamoto reportedly obtained the Central Committee's approval in April for a new and independent policy. This was made known to the rank and file through an *Akahata* editorial on May 11 that for the first time attacked "anti-party dogmatist elements" as well as "anti-party revisionists." The editorial was followed by the exclusion of Peking-oriented features from *Akahata*. Later editorials openly criticized the Cultural Revolution and ridiculed allegations that the Soviet Union was conspiring with the United States against China.

The Chinese reacted through a statement by the New China News Agency on July 28 which asserted that "reactionary forces" were incapable of disrupting the militant friendship and solidarity between the Chinese and Japanese peoples —a sign that relations between the parties were in serious disrepair. The statement went on to cite as reactionary elements "various new and old followers" of the "Soviet revisionist leading group," a description clearly intended to include Miyamoto as well as Yoshio Shiga, one of the two Communist deputies expelled from the party in 1964. But the Chinese went further than polemical labeling.

EVER SINCE they resumed trade with Japan in 1960 following an abrupt cutoff caused by a flag-desecration incident at Nagasaki in 1958, the Chinese have used the device of permitting certain Japanese trading firms to do business in China on the grounds they are "friendly companies." In return for this privilege, these firms have been expected to comply with a number of tacit arrangements. These included the election of JCP members to their boards of directors and the "contribution" to the party treasury of an average of one per cent of their income derived from the China trade, thus providing the Chinese with a convenient means of indirectly subsidizing the Japanese party.

In the wake of Miyamoto's visit, according to Japanese police sources, the Chinese moved to shut off this flow of funds to the JCP. The representatives in Peking of three "friendly companies" that resisted Chinese pressure to cease payments to the party were notified that their visas would not be extended, and they left for Japan last September 5. According to reports reaching the same sources, the Chinese also attempted to purge the Japan-China Trade Promotion Association, which represents all the friendly companies and has taken part in arranging Chinese trade exhibitions in Japan. At an emergency meeting of the directors of the exhibition group, the responsible Chinese official charged a lack of co-operation on the part of the Japanese and demanded that two of the group's leaders be fired. He complained that the Japanese were neglecting the sale of books and printed materials from China intended for the exhibitions, and that

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

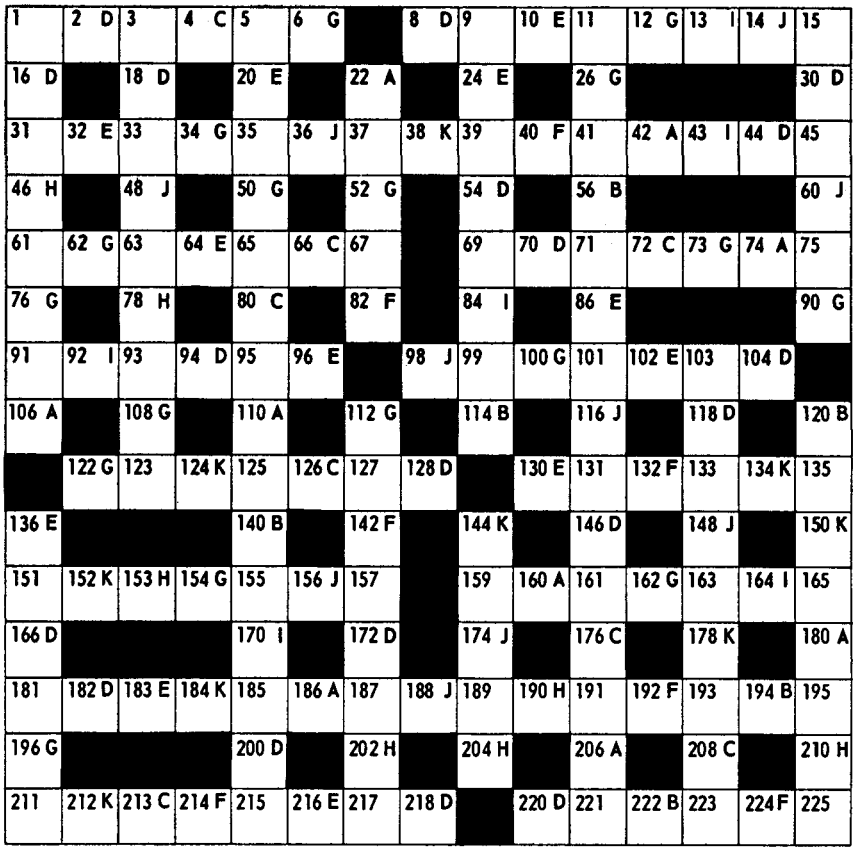
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 166

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A — 22 42 180 110 74 206 160 186 106 How a Saracen might have addressed a Crusader (6,3).

B — 194 140 56 120 222 114 Renaissance British dish that sounds repellent to most Americans (3,3).

C — 66 80 4 213 176 72 208 126 In medieval Britain, major church benefice at the disposal of the monarch (5,3).

D — 8 146 2 70 54 44 16 104 30 166 18 200 94 218 118 128 182 220 172 Precision of an entry (8,2,1,8).

E — 64 10 136 32 183 216 102 96 86 24 130 20 It's a terse moron I am, when I use poetic expression (7,4,1).

F — 142 224 132 40 192 214 82 A devilish prefix, indeed!

G — 108 26 112 34 6 100 76 50 12 162 90 62 52 196 73 154 122 Increase the rent across the board a single dollar (5,4,5,3).

H — 78 202 210 190 46 153 204 Word used by Aldous Huxley in "Brave New World" for the entertainment that replaced the movies.

I — 84 92 170 13 164 43 An Eskimo boat (alt. sp.).

J — 36 156 188 14 98 60 116 148 48 174 The African desert is no fake (4,6).

K — 184 150 212 38 144 134 152 124 178 A saturated rich brown color (4,5).

ACROSS

1. Pete and Cy copy from an original.
8. How St. Paul once thought (2,1,5).
31. Followed by 130 across, post of the Acrostician (5,10,6).
61. Lies ran about the hammerers.
69. Projects when it's mostly spilled stout (4,3).
91. Oh, oh! In a British gent, it's not close enough (3,3) (slang).
98. Is the artist's conception incomplete?
122. Let the inn teem with the famous.
130. See 31 across.
151. What Moses said to the exposed ocean, perhaps (4,3).
159. Headgear for sheep or man, perhaps (4,3).
181. Reap binding, fool, when discovering an error (7,1,7) (colloq.).
211. The low down that's good on a farm (4,4).
220. Ancient god of Sargas'so, sir, is he.

DOWN

1. Is hate nice when prickly?
3. A trim four when it's bull-shaped.
5. A bit of a brain for a scolding? (5,2,4,4).
9. Kind of witticism for a crab? (4,4).
11. Draft summons that won't do in black in white? (4,2,3,6).
15. When it's done at all, give!
22. Plaster of Paris in ages so long past.
103. Did a crime or used seasoning? (3,1,5).
112. Confused din leads to anger and it's unsafe! (2,6).
120. Peels first and gets ready.
136. A box with a proposition at last!
144. Mops or those who use them?

© 1967 by the

Reporter Magazine Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a drive to raise forty million yen ($110,000) to publicize the exhibitions had been allowed to get bogged down. The two officials, both connected with the JCP, were dismissed, but the upheaval caused by the Chinese pressure led the association to announce it would not attend the Canton Autumn Trade Fair.

The friendly companies lost their monopoly of the Japan-China trade in 1962 with the signing of a non-governmental protocol providing for direct negotiation of trade deals through offices maintained in both capitals. These companies now account for no more than forty-three per cent of the total trade, and the trend in Tokyo toward granting of longer-term credits to Chinese purchasers will reduce this share even further. Despite the financial loss this meant to the JCP, the party is still solvent and is not yet forced to give in to Peking.

Friendship Warmed Over

Simultaneously with its estrangement from Peking, the JCP underwent a rapprochement with Moscow. The first hint of this came during the visit to Japan of Viktor Grishin, president of the General Council of Soviet Trade Unions, who had been invited by the Japanese Socialist labor-union council. Last June 23, Grishin paid a one-hour call at the JCP's headquarters in the Yoyogi district. Japanese police sources then reported a resumption of contacts between officials of the Soviet embassy in Tokyo and JCP officials, which had been broken off during the party's swing to Peking during 1964 and 1965.

The Soviets had annoyed the JCP in 1964 by giving covert backing to a new party, known as the Voice of Japan, formed by Yoshio Shiga, one of the two Communist members in the Diet expelled from the JCP over the test-ban issue. Soviet encouragement of Shiga, in fact, was the ostensible reason given by the party for its refusal to send a delegation to the Twenty-third Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. "You have been giving continued support and assistance to our traitor Yoshio Shiga," the JCP's cable of rejection stated. "It is clear, under the circumstances, that we cannot respond favorably to your invitation."

Shiga's group was not the only anti-party faction that Miyamoto and the JCP Politburo had to worry about. On the extreme Left, there was also a small group maneuvering to discredit Miyamoto's policies. This group, known as the Liberation Front, was formed in August, 1965, by dissident elements in Osaka, Shikoku, and Hokkaido. Its moving spirit was Shigeo Shida, a member of the JCP Central Committee who had been expelled in 1952. The Liberation Front advocated a campaign of violent resistance to the constitutional authorities, organized from guerrilla bases in the countryside. The group attracted a scattering of recruits from JCP dissidents who

concluded from the liquidation of the Indonesian Communists that a Communist Party striving to seize power had to be prepared to go underground. But on the whole its influence was negligible.

Last summer, however, when the JCP ordered the removal of the portraits of Mao Tse-tung from its party offices and stopped listing Radio Peking's broadcasting schedules in its papers, a third splinter group of Japanese Communists came into being—this one openly supported by Peking. Whether it will ever amount to anything in the history of the Communist movement in Japan remains to be seen, for its present headquarters are in Peking itself. One of its principal figures is Ryuji Nishizawa, a son-in-law of the JCP's secretary-general between the end of the Second World War and 1953, Kyuichi Tokuda. Nishizawa and his wife are now in Peking editing a magazine called *Study of Mao Tse-tung's Thought.*

THE CONSOLIDATION of the JCP's internal strength has been one of the remarkable features of recent Japanese politics, and in comparison these splinter groups amount to little. According to a report given at the party congress last October by Sanzo Nosaka, the JCP's seventy-four-year-old chairman, membership has reached close to 300,000. If this figure is accurate, it means that the party has recruited 100,000 new members in the past three years.

The party is now reliably understood to be the second richest in Japan, after the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party of Premier Eisaku Sato, with an annual budget of 4.5 billion yen ($12.5 million). It derives its income more from its vast publishing empire, which includes the mass-circulation *Akahata,* than from membership dues. In this sense, the party has shared to a certain extent in the growing affluence of Japanese society generally, and this has in turn apparently convinced its leadership of the correctness of the parliamentary road.

Radio Peking, commenting bitterly on the JCP's campaign for the January 29 elections to the House of Representatives, said, "The Japanese followers of Soviet revisionism are presently absorbed in bourgeois parliamentary elections and are all excited because they want to get a few deputies elected." The JCP did get five seats out of 486, a gain of one seat over the previous election.

The congress in October reaffirmed the JCP's intention to adhere to Miyamoto's line of independence from both Peking and Moscow. Great stress was placed on the fact that conditions in Japan are different from those in either China or the Soviet Union. The most telling proof of the cautions operating on the JCP's policy is that with Japanese industry employing a goodly number of party members while turning out millions of dollars' worth of American military procurement orders for Vietnam, not one case of industrial sabotage has yet been proved.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Filled Page Four

GORDON CLARK

MY TROUBLE was that I started at the top. I was so mesmerized at the idea of being an Editor that when I was asked to be one I said "Yes." I had done some newspaper work, mostly feature stories—living with a circus, driving trains, profiles, breakfast at the zoo, things like that—but I had never been a reporter. The shame of not covering news stories, not having deadlines to meet, or (worst of all in Ireland) not having shorthand was a secret but heavy burden.

Because it was the early 1940's and paper rationing had cut the papers to skeletons, living on feature stories was a thin business. Space was scarcer than staff. Coward that I was, I decided to take a job with a Dublin firm of fuel merchants. Coal was then as hard to come by as newsprint, and we rationed out wet peat and enormous logs to our customers, mostly old ladies with tiny Victorian fireplaces and no men about the house. I lived in a Dickensian world of mahogany counters, a carthorse delivery system, clerks with wing collars, and I operated a fuel fund for the Association for the Relief of Distressed Protestants. Through it all I hoped, Micawberlike, that something would turn up.

SOMETHING did. One of Hitler's flying bombs demolished the London home of an elderly lady whose uncle owned an elderly weekly newspaper in the Irish midlands in a town with the curious name of Portlaoighise. Prior to 1922 it had been called Maryborough, after the Mary of William and Mary, and it still is by the older generation.

The main assets of the newspaper from the elderly lady's point of view were that it was remote from flying bombs and had what the local auctioneer would have described as a "neat dwelling" over the printing works. So she moved in, her uncle became seriously ill, and a mutual friend with a keen sense of humor introduced me as a potential editor.

The *Leinster Express* was then 113 years old, but I—no more than very many others—had never heard of it. I consulted *Willings Press Guide*, then the standard work of reference in this field, under Portlaoighise, but Willings had not, apparently, heard of that important place. Tradition dies hard in some quarters, so I tried Maryborough. Sure enough, the *Express* was printed there, in the "principal town of the Queens County." (This had been the name of the county prior to 1922). "The town," Willings further remarked, "has a fever hospital, a county hospital, a mental hospital and the only convict prison in Ireland." The potential market for either readers or advertisers did not appear to be bright, but I had little to lose and the newspaper probably even less, so I duly arrived by bicycle one cheerful summer morning.

Taking over a newspaper is different from just taking up a new job. The paper is common property, and by becoming its editor one immediately becomes involved with the community and part of the common gossip of the town. There were many interesting aspects to my new charge, not least of them its former editor and proprietor, Mr. Charlie Carey. This gentle and delightful old character had occupied the editorial chair for over thirty years, and his white beard, black skullcap, and black carpet slippers were a familiar sight to the townspeople. A keen cyclist, he had been the proud owner of a number of bicycles and one tricycle, which was still on the premises and more or less in working order. The tricycle had a small seat in front of the handlebars, which had accommodated his elderly sister on excursions in the vicinity. Although it had been some years since the last of these, the equipage was still remembered with awe. Mr. Carey had been an advocate of the wartime petrol rationing because motor traffic distressed his passenger. Fortunately, traffic was indeed still scarce in those days, which probably saved a few lives, as the sight of Mr. Carey en route would almost certainly have been a serious distraction to drivers.

THE PREMISES housing the printing works and offices had once been a bank and the ground-floor offices were both small and sparse, with heavily barred windows. One entered by a narrow hall door into a small, square, tiled hall with three doors. That ahead led upstairs, that to the left to the printing works, and that to the right into the office. The office was also Mr. Carey's editorial sanctum. He sat beside an open fireplace, a cheerful peat fire giving a homey air to the scene. To approach him it was necessary to traverse a narrow corridor formed by back numbers of the *Leinster Express*, piled ceiling-high in precarious walls. The mildest of men, he was invariably amused by the awe with which "The Editor" was held by simple country folk. To such he would extend a magnanimous hand, summoning them to his tiny wooden table by saying, "Approach, gentlemen, approach! I am a man, even as yourselves." Here

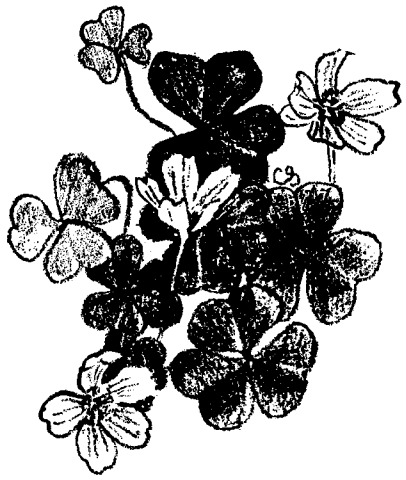
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he mused over the happenings of Mountmellick, Abbeyleix, Portarlington, Mountrath, Rathdowney, Timahoe, and other far-flung outposts of his editorial domain.

More often, he was probably musing as to whether there was anything at all happening in these places. News was, in fact, generally scarce enough so far as the paper was concerned, largely because Mr. Carey generally felt little inclination to pay anybody to supply it. Such reports as came unsolicited were rightly suspect. What deep spleen might not lie behind the report of the death of a public-house owner in Vicarstown? What lamentable and distorted sense of humor might not have motivated the report, handwritten in pencil on a page apparently torn from a child's exercise book, that Miss Mary Murphy, only daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Murphy and the late Seamus Murphy of Bokeenderg, had entered the Convent of the Immaculate Conception? Mr. Carey knew from sad experience that the county harbored cruel and wicked people who were quite prepared to expose their neighbors and the *Express* to ridicule and contempt.

ANOTHER REASON that news was scarce, at least in the columns of the *Express,* was that Mr. Carey was not really interested in news. He acknowledged some sort of responsibility, as editor and owner of a newspaper, to supply at least some information to his readers, but little that crossed his desk seemed to him to be of any great significance, or in any way greatly different from what had happened before. Court cases were usually reported to some limited extent, as were the happenings of the various local authorities, but speculation was not part of Mr. Carey's nature. "All these things will settle themselves in time" was the basis of his philosophy—an outlook which would certainly give most editors a nervous breakdown but which enabled Mr. Carey to live to a ripe old age, a fact that would have proved to his satisfaction another of his beliefs, that "There's room for all of us in the world." He had, it is true, written editorials in his earlier years, but the last of them appeared about the time of the Rising of 1916, and by the time I left in 1946 the paper seemed to be gradually living it down.

His main interest, apart from his cycles, was music, and his taste in this was as tolerant as his other attitudes. I soon discovered that he had been God's gift to the ballad singers of Ireland, for because he was accustomed to print their ballads without charge, they were, and continued to be, regular customers. Apparently he not only printed the ballads but also transcribed them, since most of the composers were illiterate or too lazy to write out the endless verses they had composed. Liking ballads myself, I continued the tradition, to the great relief of the ballad singers. As each ballad had many, many verses, and as the



composer had frequently to recapitulate to keep track of the lyric (if one could so describe it), this was a long and repetitive process, during which the ballad singer and I, both standing, faced each other across an ancient countinghouse desk, rather like a partition from a stable. Because of the nature of many of the ballads, the aroma from the ballad singers, and the impossibility of conducting any other business while the muse was dictating, it was an aspect of my editorial function greatly deplored by the practical and forthright girl Friday of the place, Miss Stasia Foley.

Mr. Carey also loved gramophone records, which he played on a large horned gramophone in the parlor above the office. It was only possible for him to add to his collection when a check from the Stationery Office or some other paying customer reached his grateful if surprised hand. On that day, the gramophone was king, and an unwilling printing staff sat uncomfortably on small chairs in the upstairs parlor, a miserable captive audience to the tortured strains of Bach and Brahms. The oldest employee once told me that although he had gone home without pay on more than one Christmas Eve because Mr. Carey was simply without any money, he had always dreaded facing his wife far less than the prospect of listening to Mr. Carey's gramophone records.

THE GENTLENESS of his nature, as much as his complete lack of any business instinct, made the proprietor unwilling to send out accounts. Consequently he was rarely in a position to pay anybody else. This system worked well enough so long as barter could solve the problem. If a drapery-store owner protested to Mr. Carey that his auditor insisted on some clarification of the account with the *Express* for printing or advertising, Mr. Carey did nothing. But if the man was importunate and seemed genuinely distressed at his inability to pay because he didn't know what he owed, Mr. Carey might, to ease his debtor's mind, order a few shirts, a waistcoat, or even a suit, for which, of course, no money would pass. Groceries were apparently dealt with mainly on this basis when purchased from the larger stores, although small suppliers were dealt with strictly for cash, probably at their own insistence. Not all of the local merchants were as good-natured or innocent as they may have pretended to Mr. Carey, and my arrival signaled the submission of substantial accounts from a number of people whom, by reason of fellow membership of church and lodge, he probably assumed to be particular friends. Clearly they had ambitions to acquire a local newspaper at a nominal outlay. Since neither books nor receipts were to be found, a counterclaim was submitted for advertising that had appeared in the *Express* over the previous twenty years or so; and even at the then prevailing rate of fourteen cents per single column

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inch it was ill received by the creditors. Some hard words were exchanged, various documents of account were torn up and flung in anger upon the floor, the paper lost a number of traditional advertisers, and the matter was dropped for good.

THE FILES of the paper were more or less intact from its start in 1831, and fascinating reading they provided. To get at them was a physical problem, since they were mostly either stored in offices outside—sometimes forming the walls, which had long since rotted away—or buried under masses of rubbish and old loose copies in the various offices within the building. I still remember the search for Vol. 1, No. 1, and the excitement when we found it stuffed high up a disused chimney to prevent the twigs and droppings from the crow's nest from coming down into the machine room. Among other reports in that issue was one of a dinner given to a retiring member of the grand jury for the county, in the course of which, it was tactfully reported, the chairman "through indisposition" vacated the chair. And at the same dinner the *Express* reporter took leave of his readers to report some remarks of his own, in protest over something that had been said by one of the top table. Yet he was honest enough to report in parenthesis: ("Cries of 'Stick to your notes, Mr. Hanbury!' "). Those, one felt, were the days when a journalist was somebody in the community.

Alas, it was many years since the *Express* had had any journalists at all, or had itself been a force in the community. The gentle Mr. Carey had gradually drifted, through age and failing eyesight as much as through lack of interest, away from the world of the nineteenth century, but had not really come to grips with the twentieth. By 1944 the paper was down to four pages, of which the fourth was as often as not blank. For this phenomenon Mr. Carey had a number of charming stock explanations. If questioned about it, he would say reassuringly, "Well, you know, friends, no news is good news." If he felt that you might have heard that one before, he might seize you gently by the arm and say in confidential tones, "Well, you know, friend, we have so many illiterates around here, and the paper has to cater to everybody!" The page was known locally as "the blind man's page," and the few people who actually bought the paper found it useful for writing notes and other purposes.

ON MY first working morning at the paper, I asked the linotype operator if he knew of anything happening in the town. He mentioned that there was "some sort of an inquiry going on down at the courthouse," and my questions there revealed that a sworn inquiry into the affairs of the county council was about to start there and then. Copy there was, and to spare, and right good stuff it was. From the very start we had no trouble in filling Page 4. To keep it filled was more difficult. The news staff consisted of various local schoolmasters scattered about the county. Whether from their training as pedagogues

The Captive

To find a small, private place
was his dream, there to create
things of beauty if he could.
He found it. Wind burned his face.
He sat on an apple crate
and wrote verses made of wood.
Working for a rich man, he
remained poor. The country place
he cared for did not care for him.
The plumbing failed; the roof
let in the rain, and he had proof
if he should ever need it
that hard work made the man.
But no, someone had lied
and he had believed. That year,
the cattle succumbed to bloat
and fences fell. The owner wrote
that he was dissatisfied.
Days followed in succession
like tears down dusty cheeks.
At the barbed-wire barricade,
cattle lowed for food. The weeks
of drouth brought only locust
clouds, while all that he had made
could only undo his dreams.
He watched the aimless circling
of pigeons over the barn,
saw the sun coat the burning
hills with rust, and as it set,
sew shut the day's raw, red seams.

—WILLIAM CHILDRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or whether they were accustomed to being paid on a linage basis, their literary style was circumloquacious in the extreme; they never used one word where six could be employed. To try to alter the habits of many years I fed them a diet of Bacon's essays, *Time* magazine, and the *Economist,* all to little avail. Even after three years, every report of a death would invariably start with a venerable formula such as: "We regret to report the death of John Murphy, which sad event occurred on the Saturday of last week. The deceased, a member of the farming community, was held in high esteem by his wide circle of friends and neighbours, and the news of his death cast a deep gloom over the entire district."

By slow, slow degrees the amount of news in each issue grew, and reports of such items as "severe insect bites" sustained by some member of the staff of a local factory during a picnic became fewer. The circulation climbed equally slowly from two figures into the hundreds, and eventually to several thousand. The rival weekly, the *Carlow Nationalist*—published in a neighboring county—began to take second place. When the *Express* ran its first picture, the *Nationalist* bought a font of type. Eventually the operation became more or less routine, with the inevitable adventures and improvisations of small-town newspapers everywhere. Rather than become a small-town big shot in my early twenties, with the attendant risks of precipitate marriage or taking to drink and/or local politics, I decided to sell out.

THE MORNING I left I was stopped in the town square in front of our offices by an elderly shopkeeper neighbor who had not spoken one word to me during my three years in the town. "I hear you're leaving, young fella," he challenged. "I am," said I. "I'm leaving today." To my astonishment he took my hand and smiled approvingly at me. "Well," he said, "I'll say one thing for ye, young fella. Ye made a great paper out of the *Carlow Nationalist.*" It was the only comment I got from any person in that town at any time for the whole period I was there.

Bundles from Britain

SAREL EIMERL

EVER SINCE 1945, or since the Battle of the Somme, or perhaps since Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, Britain's position in the world of international competition has grown steadily more infirm. The degree to which the rot has proceeded was brought sharply home to me a few years ago by the poignant observation of an old friend that our native land held only one international championship—in ballroom dancing. Since then the position has been improved somewhat by the smashing triumph in the World Soccer Cup, the Beatles, and Carnaby Street. However, for several years now it has been my opinion that Britain's most vigorous claim on the world's admiration lies in its movies, and this claim has recently been vastly strengthened by four of the most intriguing films to come along in a long time: *Darling, Morgan, Alfie,* and *Georgy Girl.*

That the British should have produced so enjoyable, imaginative, and technically skillful a group of movies is all the more remarkable when one considers that elsewhere the cinema has been in a state of shocking decline. There was a time, back in the late 1940's and the 1950's, when the French and Italian studios were coming out every fall with some freshly advanced version of the avant-garde. But since 1960 or thereabouts, their movie stylists seem to have run completely out of new ideas, not to mention attractive new faces. The collapse in Hollywood has been even more spectacular. Since realism and its handmaiden, the Method, went out of fashion, Hollywood has produced nothing of note except a fraction—mainly the financial fraction—of some international spectaculars, a handful of adaptations of successful novels and *Virginia Woolf,* and, of course, the spoof. As the spoof is a thoroughly parasitic growth, Hollywood's lurch into spoofing would have revealed its condition to be parlous even if it had been spoofing its own creations. But even that slender achievement was beyond it. For most of its spoofs have been parodies of ideas, such as the James Bond movies, that were invented elsewhere.

It is against this background of general cinematic asthenia that one must consider Britain's achievements. Ever since the early 1950's, the British, year in and year out, have been making better movies than any other people. Do I hear uninformed voices raised in protest? Very well, let us consider the evidence.

THE BRITISH RISE to cinematic preeminence began shortly after the Second World War with a series of brilliant comedies starring Alec Guinness, which were followed by more brilliant comedies starring Alistair Sim, Terry-Thomas, Kay Kendall, and Peter Sellers. Meanwhile, starting around the late 1950's, the British suddenly ventured into social comment with the bitter realism of several excellent movies, notably *Room at the Top, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, A Taste of Honey, The L-Shaped Room,* and *This Sporting Life.* Much as I admired these

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movies, I sometimes had the feeling that they were introducing more realism than reality warranted, and for several years I never went to see a realistic British movie without praying that, just for once, we would be spared the unwed mother. God knows, that didn't seem to be asking for much. But the prayer was never answered, so far as I can recall, and even now, in *Darling*, *Alfie*, etc., the pregnancy situation remains most depressing.

But let me return to the supremacy of British movies. When realism went out of fashion, it was replaced by the international thriller. Here too, the British, with James Bond, *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, and Michael Caine, easily held their own. And all the time, intermingled with the comedies, the realism, and the thrillers, the British were regularly producing a succession of absolutely first-class movies that defy easy categorizing. There were updated versions of the classics, like *Tom Jones* and Olivier's Shakespeare. There were highly original dramas like *Tiger Bay*, *Tunes of Glory*, and *Séance on a Wet Afternoon*. There were essays in the psychologically weak, like *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, and the psychologically macabre, like *The Servant*, and movies that were just generally delightful, like *The Girl with the Green Eyes*. The British also contributed most of the finest acting, writing, and direction to the better international spectaculars: *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *My Fair Lady*, *A Man for All Seasons*, and *Lawrence of Arabia*. What other country can match this record? Finally, they came up with *Darling*, *Morgan*, *Alfie*, and *Georgy Girl*, which, I believe, constitute a genus of their own.

THE PRINCIPAL MERIT of these four is that they achieve two separate and distinct ends that very rarely go together on the screen. They are excellent entertainments, in the sense in which Graham Greene used the word. *Darling* is an entertainment because the story is dramatically so absorbing. The other three are entertainments because they are so lively, spirited, and funny. Yet the four movies are not, like most entertainments, unreal. Each is centered on a character who, unlike the Cary Grants or the Marlon Brandos of this world, might easily be living in the next apartment. Nor, like most entertainments, do they deal with the kind of world, full of two-gun sheriffs and demon waltzers, that a college sophomore might dream of when she dozes off over her Chaucer. In all four movies, the writers and directors have made an honest attempt to paint an accurate picture of the world. By mingling drama and farce, anguish and gaiety, tenderness and cruelty, they have caught the complexity of actual life, conducted, as it is, on many emotional levels. And finally, unlike most entertainments, the four movies are not constructed in the traditional naturalistic style. Instead, the directors have relied mainly on what I will call jazzed-up contemporary. The cutting is very rapid. There are continual shifts into farce and slapstick, and much reliance on fashionable cinematic stunts, such as having Alfie address the audience, or the use of what I can only describe as a surrealistic style to introduce an effect of the macabre into the Paris orgy scene in *Darling*.

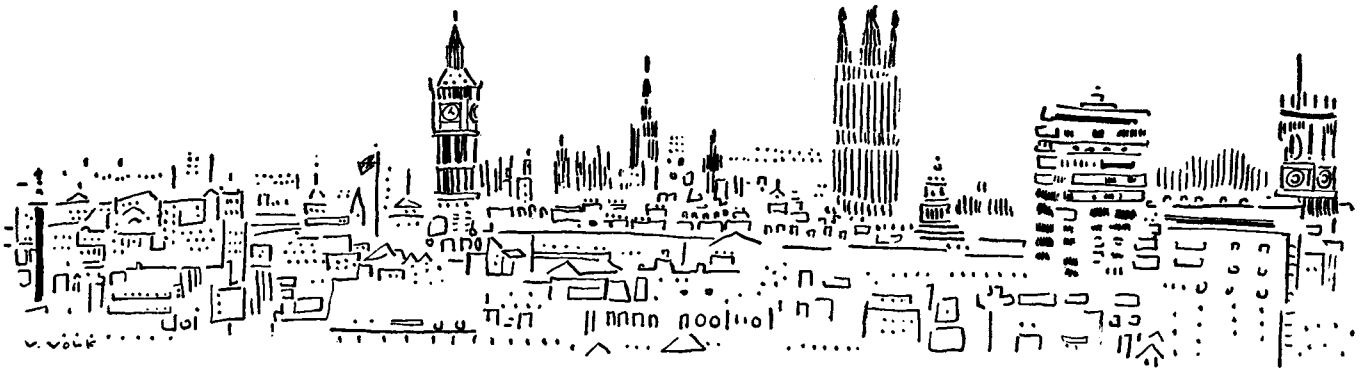
To put all this another way, the four movies are sufficiently modish and imaginative to satisfy the art-

movie crowd, and are also good enough entertainment to gladden the masses. One such movie might be made in an artistic vacuum by a group of gifted people who happened to get lucky; it is most unlikely that four should be. To understand how they could have come to be made, or why it was the British who made them, one must first understand why the British became supreme at the art and craft of making movies.

IN MY VIEW, there are two principal reasons. The first lies in the British attachment to tradition. Unlike the rules that govern shipbuilding or automobile transmissions, the basic principles of acting do not change, and because of their repertory stage tradition, British actors have a chance to master—indeed they are obliged to master—those techniques. Consider, to take just one example, the technique of commanding attention and arousing emotion by means of speech. British actors have traditionally taken considerable pains over their speech, and one can hear the results in the magnificent voices of Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud, of Michael Redgrave and Rex Harrison and Richard Burton. Because my French, Italian, Swedish, Polish, Russian, and Romanian are all rather shaky, I cannot talk with authority about European actors, but certainly Hollywood neither demands nor encourages similar standards. It would be hard to think of a single American movie actor with a voice of real distinction, and the same goes, in my view, for American acting. The great stars—the Gary Coopers and Clark Gables and James Cagneys—were splendid fun to watch. But they were not really actors; they were personalities, and so are their successors. Big as it is and rich as it is, I do not see how Hollywood could summon up the acting talent to equal that of Dirk Bogarde and Julie Christie in *Darling*, of Michael Caine in *Alfie*, and of Alan Bates and Lynn Redgrave in *Georgy Girl*.

The second reason for Britain's cinematic supremacy is rooted not so much in tradition as in national psychology. On the whole, European moviemaking has been controlled not by the money men but by the successful directors. And most of these directors, especially the French and the Italians, have shown themselves to be excessively intellectual and conceptual in their approach, too concerned with form and technique, too eager to be novel, too self-indulgent in using their movies to express their own emotions, and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



far too little concerned with the paying customers. For surely only an extreme self-indulgence and a lust to be called original could have produced such pretentious abominations as *Hiroshima Mon Amour, Last Year at Marienbad, Volcano,* and *Blow-Up.*

I suspect that the criticism which the Truffauts and the Vadims, the Fellinis and the Antonionis, would hate above all others would be to be accused of being corny. Gads, how their fellow directors would sneer! But "corny" is simply a pejorative way of describing that which moves and entertains the vulgar masses, and the great majority of people who go to the movies do belong to the vulgar masses. The great flaw in most European directors is that they are too smart, too much concerned with self. They forget that movies are made to be shown to people very few of whom are in the faintest degree interested in a director's personal psychological problems and fetishes.

Hollywood suffers from precisely the opposite set of defects. During the past few months, I have observed with interest that a spate of articles has appeared explaining the reasons for Hollywood's decline in exclusively economic terms. The studios, we are told, are controlled by men whose aim is to make money. They therefore invest primarily in two kinds of movies. There are the cheap one-shots made for television that cannot make use of experimental techniques or ideas because the average television audience would not comprehend them. Alternatively, the studios shoot for big winners, made by famous directors, featuring famous stars, and requiring vast amounts of snow, mudslides, earthquakes, and all the other forms of expensive detritus which, after paying $3.50 for his ticket, the contemporary moviegoer is assumed to demand in a spectacular. So, in this second type of movie also, the studios, obliged to recoup their vast expenses, cannot afford to take any chances with new, unproved performers or techniques.

I find this explanation of Hollywood's current artistic dreariness as simple-minded as all Marxist arguments that pretend to explain human behavior exclusively in economic terms. The men who controlled Hollywood studios in the 1930's were also primarily interested in making money, but the Hollywood of the 1930's was brimming with new ideas. It is impossible to explain the difference between the two periods by economic analyses because the difference actually stems from the personalities who made or are making the decisions. The Sam Goldwyns and the Harry Cohns may have been ruthless, crude, and ill-educated, but they were creating a new industry, and you cannot create a new industry unless you are open to fresh ideas and have an eye for creative talent. The men who control the industry today are typical corporation executives. For it is not creative talent and artistic imagination but skill in administration and self-promotion that wins a man control over an established industry. It is as fatuous to expect originality, sensitivity, imagination, or even plain artistic good taste from most of the men who make the big decisions in Hollywood as it would be to expect such qualities in the American banking or advertising industry.

The British have benefited from their location—aesthetic rather than geographical—between the United States and Europe. Their movie studios are smaller and younger and less institutionalized and less dominated by big-money interests than those in Hollywood. So they can afford to be—and will attract people who propose to be—imaginative and experimental. At the same time, the British are far more pragmatic and down-to-earth than the continental Europeans in their approach to the arts. Their values are ruder. They are heirs to various deep-rooted English aesthetic traditions—the music hall and the Victorian novel, to name two—which operated on the assumption, very sensible in my opinion, that there is no point in sweating over a book or a stage show unless people are going to want to read it or watch it.

With their minds more oriented toward the audience, the British movie writers and directors are naturally less subtle, conceptual, self-indulgent, and pretentious than the French or the Italians. They are far more ready than Hollywood to experiment with novel techniques, or to give a chance to a man with original ideas, like Richard Lester, who aroused total indifference in Hollywood until he had directed *A Hard Day's Night* in Britain. But the British also stick close to the classic rules, which require that a drama should be about recognizable and substantial characters, normally engaged in some readily comprehensible conflict, within themselves or with others. Remembering that the great majority of people who go to the movies are of low intellectual caliber, the British take care to keep the audience's sense of excitement piqued and its funny-bone tickled. They are not above

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stooping to the corniest type of melodrama. Shakespeare followed approximately the same prescription. It still works.

ON THE ONE HAND, then, we have the British as keenly alive as Hollywood to the importance of keeping a large, vulgar audience amused and entertained. And, on the other hand, we have them ready to learn from the European art movie: by using experimental techniques, by attempting to give an honest picture of the world, and by dealing with what, so far as the movies are concerned, is a novel kind of subject matter. For *Darling* and *Morgan, Alfie* and *Georgy Girl* are all psychological studies. They do not deal, at least not directly, with the problems created by poverty or by the lust for success or status, which is the stuff of Hollywood at its most serious. Nor are the four movies about conflicts between people, which is the standard stuff of Hollywood drama. Their story is that of the search of the central character for something he can believe in.

Darling tries to find her answer in love, and, after running through three men, ends up alone and unhappy. Alfie attempts to satisfy himself with random seduction, and he too ends up alone and unhappy. The theme of *Morgan* is more difficult to follow. Morgan is a childlike young man, unable to sustain any kind of responsibility, even for supporting himself. Having rejected the accepted social values, he spends his time playing with mechanical contrivances (toys). He tries to win back his former wife, who has left him for a responsible and successful man (or square), fails, and ends up in a lunatic asylum. Georgy is different in that she finally does find something worth living for—a baby. True, it was borne by another woman. For a woman to find happiness in mothering her own baby would be altogether too stodgy an idea for any self-respecting director in the mid-1960's. Still, Georgy does end up happy, and, to digress for a moment, I would be tempted to observe that such a revolutionary conclusion in what is at least part art movie suggests remarkable imagination and daring in the director, were it not for one other consideration. *Georgy Girl* was the last of the four to be made, and the much-touted French film *A Man and a Woman,* made about the same time, also had a happy ending. Which leads me to think, chaps, that we had all better keep our eyes peeled and our guard up when we enter art-movie houses. The happy ending may be coming back.

Despite the modish technical tricks and the concentration on that modish subject, the hero's search for a purpose in life, these four movies are still making precisely the same point as the realistic movies of the 1950's. *Room at the Top* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* showed explicitly that our industrial,

materialistic society is a mess. The new movies say the same thing, but implicitly. If I read the message correctly, it runs thus: Darling is not simply a selfish, neurotic bitch. She is a victim of the value that society places on that trashy thing success. Alfie cares only about sex because society has left him nothing else worth caring about. Ditto for Joss in *Georgy Girl.* Morgan ends up in an asylum not so much because he is crazy as because he has renounced society's standards, and society, unable to make him conform, must isolate the infection. Only Georgy ends up contented because she is impelled by a drive that even nasty old society cannot totally destroy—the life force.

THE FOUR MOVIES do introduce one note that was missing from the realistic movies of the 1950's—the idea that the true heroes of today are the young rebels. In my opinion, the current obsession with youthful rebellion is the supreme banality of the 1960's, and I think that by surrendering to this fashion, the writers and directors have made a terrible mistake. For the young rebels are really nihilists and they therefore make unsatisfactory heroes. Having no standards except negative ones, taking nothing seriously except the virtuousness of repeating "I don't like it," they really do not know what they believe to be good or bad, right or wrong.

When such characters are cast as heroes on the screen, the viewer inevitably is left in a state of equal confusion. When Alfie, the charming rogue—or randy young squirt, depending on whether one is male or female—ends up forlorn and lonely, is one supposed to sympathize with him? Is one supposed to feel sorry for Darling's loneliness amid her palatial splendor? Or is one to conclude that they both had it coming? And as for Morgan, is he a figure of fun or of tragedy? Is one supposed to laugh when he ends up in the asylum, or to cry? Or not to care? Or to be angry at the society which, by implication, is held responsible? It is impossible to tell because, in my view, the writers and directors themselves did not know. They have absolutely no moral view of the world; all they have is a general whining dislike of it. And they are therefore unable to induce in the viewer that kind of strong, positive emotional reaction, whether it be of love or hate, of admiration or contempt, which is evoked by all really first-rate works of fiction.

Their absorption with the theme of youthful rebellion has also sadly weakened the ability of the writers and directors to give an accurate picture of contemporary English society. Let us concede that they would naturally select characters and situations more dramatic than the norm. Nonetheless, anyone whose knowl-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

edge of Britain today was derived exclusively from these four movies would come away with some remarkable impressions of the place. He would be obliged to conclude that the country is inhabited almost entirely by people in their twenties, and that such older folk as do remain are permitted to hang about simply to serve as objects of derision and contempt. He would also conclude that the young men and women are all so bored and aimless that they are close to despair. Most of the men, he would observe, are irresponsible wastrels, and most of the women care about nothing except love and sex, and, to repeat my old beef, will inexorably, sooner or later, end up at the abortionist's.

No doubt there is a good deal of truth to all his. Certainly Darlings and Alfies do exist. I suppose that abortionists do a thriving business in Britain, as elsewhere. Certainly the place is shot through with irresponsibility. It is pre-eminently the land of "I couldn't care less," and these four movies confirm the wisdom of President de Gaulle's determination to enforce radical change before admitting Britain into the Common Market. And yet the Britain they portray really is exceedingly limited. The world of the rebel is the world of fringe groups, located entirely in a few large cities. It is made up, I think, principally of people who are vaguely connected with the arts, and who mix only with each other. I doubt whether such people constitute one per cent of the population. Like the novelists who keep writing about writers and professors, the people responsible for these four movies have surrendered to the temptation to deal only with their own small world. This convicts them of laziness and lack of imagination. They would have given us a far more accurate picture of Britain if they had hauled themselves away from their Chelsea flats and out into the suburbs and the small towns, and shown us the ninety per cent of Britain which, I am convinced, is as stodgy as ever it was. The British cinema will achieve its supreme triumph when it manages to portray this stodginess in all its sodden monotony and yet be as dramatic as *Darling*, as funny as *Georgy Girl*.

Armchair Opera

ROLAND GELATT

In a moment of exasperation during the difficult first rehearsals for *Parsifal*, Richard Wagner is said to have complained: "I'm so tired of all these painted and costumed creatures. Now that I've invented the invisible orchestra pit, I'd like to invent the invisible stage." Three-quarters of a century later, the composer's grandson Wieland Wagner came close to achieving the *unsichtbare Theater* in his productions at Bayreuth, played on an all but empty stage and shrouded in near darkness. But the ultimate step was taken by modern stereo techniques, which turned the living room into an ideal Festspielhaus, an invisible but sonically persuasive theatre where Wagner's allegorical world can be summoned at the flick of a switch.

The old records—78-rpm shellacs and mono microgrooves—captured some great Wagnerian singing by Flagstad and Melchior, Lehmann and Schorr, but they fell disappointingly short in conveying the authentic swirls and eddies of Wagnerian sound. Only with the advent of stereo a decade ago did Wagner at home achieve reasonable parity with Wagner in the opera house. London's 1958 recording of *Das Rheingold*, conducted by Georg Solti and produced by John Culshaw, showed what could be done. Here for the first time the depth and breadth of Wagner's musical fabric was properly reproduced by loudspeakers. Fortunately, this epochal breakthrough in recording technique fell on receptive ears. The album quickly became a best seller and paved the way for a subsequent deluge of Wagner on records. This season has been particularly fruitful. In the last few months we have been given two new recordings of *Die Walküre* and one of *Tristan und Isolde*.

Competitive versions of the complete *Walküre* would ordinarily be deplored as wasteful duplication of effort. But in this case the usual strictures do not apply. The two *Walküres* are so different that no real duplication is involved. They represent opposite concepts of Wagner interpretation, and as such both enjoy a valid *raison d'être*.

The first comes from London Records (OSA 1509, stereo; A 4509, mono; five discs) and is the final installment in that company's complete recording of the *Ring* cycle. Georg Solti again leads the Vienna Philharmonic, and the cast includes James King (Siegmund), Régine Crespin (Sieglinde), Gottlob Frick (Hunding), Hans Hotter (Wotan), Birgit Nilsson (Brünnhilde), and Christa Ludwig (Fricka). The second comes from Deutsche Grammophon (SLPM 139229/33, stereo; LPM 19229/33, mono; five discs) and is the first installment in another projected *Ring* on records, scheduled for completion in 1970. Herbert von Karajan conducts the Berlin Philharmonic in this one, with a cast that features John Vickers (Siegmund), Gundula Janowitz (Sieglinde), Martti Talvela (Hunding), Thomas Stewart (Wotan), Régine Crespin (Brünnhilde), and Josephine Veasey (Fricka). It should be noted that *Die Walküre* neither begins nor ends the *Ring* cycle. The fact that London recorded it last and Deutsche Grammophon first has to do with the artists' contracts and industry economics.

To play the two recordings of *Walküre* in succession is to experience a fascinating contrast in the overall approach to the sound of Wagner. Solti's is taut, rough-textured, immediate. Karajan's is broad, mellow, distant. Solti places the emphasis on analytic clarity; he lets you hear the slash of strings and the snappy bark of brasses. Karajan favors a darker, more burnished blend in which individual instruments tend to recede into a rich veil of sound. When I say Solti and Karajan, I should add "and their engineers," for in each case the technical attributes of the recording go hand in glove with the conductors' interpretative concepts. These

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE YOU GETTING ONLY THE TOP OF THE NEWS?

News is like an iceberg—you see only a small segment. The greater part spreads out wide and deep beneath the surface. △ To a ship passing by, the unseen part of the iceberg is the most crucial – and to anyone going through the news, the facts that lie beneath the surface are most crucial, too. △ That's why ships need radar to guide them—and that's why you need The Reporter to guide you through the news. △ In reporting major events, The Reporter regularly takes you beneath the surface to show you how deep and how far each event really goes and what shape it finally takes. △ In tracing the origin and the impact of important news this way, The Reporter has made so many discoveries, uncovered so many hidden facts, that it has already won 32 top awards for outstanding journalism. △ So you can see for yourself how much deeper your understanding of the news will be when you read The Reporter regularly, we're offering you a special "new subscriber" rate. With this half-price rate, you can get the next full year of The Reporter for less than a penny a day. You can receive

the next 24 issues for only $3.50 (half price)

This is $4.90 less than you'd pay if you went out and bought these same 24 issues at your newsstand. △ When you read The Reporter *regularly*, you'll realize how much you've been missing in the news...how much additional and *original* information The Reporter brings to the surface... how much more interesting events are when you *know more* about them. △ You needn't send any money—we'll be glad to bill you later, if you prefer. Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order. So why not mail the reply card opposite right now? △ Regular rates: 1 year $7, 2 years $11, 3 years $14. △ Add $1 per year for foreign postage. 50¢ for Canada and Pan American Union. △ *You can take advantage of this special rate to introduce your friends to The Reporter, too. They'll be grateful to you for this unique reading experience, and you'll find that if you talk over with them the lively, thought-provoking articles and opinions you find in the pages of The Reporter, you will double your own pleasure in the magazine.*

THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two versions represent a total mix of musicianship and electronics, and in their end effect they stand poles apart.

THE DIFFERENCES extend also to the styles of singing in the two sets. Solti's cast adheres to the traditional opera-house style. Everything inclines to the heroic and the proclamatory, to a larger-than-life limning of Wagner's gods and mortals. Karajan's singers take a more intimate view of the proceedings. Their treatment of the text is subtly nuanced, and their characterizations often depart radically from the accepted patterns.

This is especially apparent in the first act—that drama-within-a-drama about Siegmund and Sieglinde, the sibling lovers. Some thirty years ago Lotte Lehmann created a new approach to the role of Sieglinde—making of her a sultry, vibrant, lusciously mature woman—and ever since then singers have been following in her tracks. Régine Crespin is no exception. She does far better than most of Lehmann's successors, but it is still the same basic conception at second hand. Karajan's Gundula Janowitz, however, strikes out on an original path. Her Sieglinde is cool, composed, lissome—an Ursula Andress rather than a Hedy Lamarr. Jon Vickers follows suit by avoiding the traditional mannerisms associated with Siegmund. It is clear from their meticulous shaping of phrases and studied placement of tones that both singers have taken a new look at the score without any preconceptions of what is proper. As a result, they have given us an entirely new idea of what the first act of *Die Walküre* is all about. Instead of two middle-aged malcontents embarking on an erotic adventure, we hear a shapely young couple—Wagnerian equivalents of the mod generation—discovering each other in the springtime of life.

A few further observations on the two casts. Hans Hotter is a distinguished German singing actor who has been playing Wotan for something like three decades. He gives a masterly account of the god's anguished helplessness in the long second-act colloquies, but his frayed voice can no longer do justice to the great final scene, when he surrounds Brünnhilde with the magic fire. Karajan's Wotan is Thomas Stewart, an American baritone with considerable experience in the German opera houses (he makes his Met debut this fall). Although he is not quite Hotter's equal in conveying the frustration of Wotan's fettered power, he manages to come a close second (the whispered *"Als junge Liebe"* passage against a magical pianissimo accompaniment from Karajan is particularly good), and he has the vocal strength to meet the demands of the final *"Abschied"* scene. Birgit Nilsson's gleaming, rock-steady soprano remains in a class by itself; no one can soar over the full tide of Wagner's orchestral tumult with quite her magnificent nonchalance. But Crespin—promoted to the role of Brünnhilde by Karajan—copes more successfully with the heroics of the part than one would have imagined, and her more feminine approach (another departure from tradition) has much to be said for it. The singers for Hunding and Fricka are first-rate in both recordings. Solti, however, has a distinct edge in his band of Valkyries.

Which recording is the one to get? The ideal answer is both. But if pressed for a choice, I would unhesitatingly decide in favor of the Karajan recording. Its sound comes closer to what I expect from Wagner—dark, romantic, mysterious—and the fresh-voiced, unfailingly musical singing is a consistent delight.

NO PROBLEMS of choice arise in the case of *Tristan*—recorded from the Bayreuth stage last summer during rehearsals and at an actual performance (Deutsche Grammophon 139221/5, stereo; 19221/5, mono; five discs). It is easily the preferred version in stereo.

I confess that I put on the first record with considerable reluctance. A strong overdose of *Tristan* in my teens had made me allergic to further exposure, and I postponed listening to the last minute. In consequence of the late hour, I heard the new recording through a set of headphones. Perhaps this was the only way for me to recover the intoxication of *Tristan*. Headphones intensify the spaciousness of the stereo effect and seem to set the listener afloat in a sea of sound. At any rate, for whatever reason, I succumbed before the prelude was over and remained captive for most of the ten sides.

Not for all. The love duet, as given at Bayreuth without a note missing, grows tedious well in advance of its climax, and those ravings of Tristan in the last act still seem longer than need be. But despite the occasional dull patches, this is a stupendous, ecstatic score, particularly when given such a performance as on these records. The conductor is Karl Böhm, and he is in charge of the finest cast that could be assembled today: Birgit Nilsson as Isolde, Wolfgang Windgassen as Tristan, Christa Ludwig as Brangaene, Eberhard Waechter as Kurwenal, and Martti Talvela as Marke.

Nilsson has grown tremendously in this role since her largely unsatisfactory recording of the opera for London six years ago. She now does full justice to words and music alike, running the gamut with sovereign ease from scornful rage to delirious abandon. Windgassen is a remarkable Tristan—a Heldentenor at the close of a long career, with enough voice left to negotiate the difficult terrain and with a degree of artistry that is rarely encountered in this breed of singer. His seamless phrasing of the *"O sink hernieder"* passage in Act II has the aristocratic ring of John McCormack at his greatest (and in fact, the resemblance between the old McCormack record of *"O König, das kann ich Dir nicht sagen"* and Windgassen's singing of the same passage in the Bayreuth set is truly startling).

Deutsche Grammophon's engineering is superb, especially when one considers the hazards of taping an opera on location without opportunity for repeats and readjustments. The bite of the strings and the blare of the brass as Tristan approaches in the first act send shivers down the spine, and the soft ricochets of distant horns at the opening of the second act could not sound more romantic. This is the way *Tristan* should be experienced—the music pulling you into the vortex of the tragedy, without your having to suffer the distraction of two beefy lovers on stage.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Park in the Playhouse

GERALD WEALES

When Norman Mailer published his novel *The Deer Park* in 1955, he used as epigraph Gide's "Please do not understand me too quickly." Shortly before the stage version of *The Deer Park* opened at the Theatre de Lys, he wrote the traditional philosopho-advertising Sunday article for the New York *Times*, in which, commenting on how hard it is for the first-night reviewer to respond to "an exciting, difficult play," he asked for the same forbearance.

At the risk of being too quick, I will assume that both the novel and the play, which follows the novel very closely, use the professional fraudulence of Hollywood and the commercial artificiality of Desert D'Or, the resort setting for the action, as masks for the pretenses, conscious and unconscious, that men use in their sexual, political, and artistic lives. Although the sex is used satirically and Mailer beats society with a priapic weapon as though he were Juvenal, both novel and play assume that beyond the pretense is a painful truth about the relationship of man to woman and man to his own possibilities which is finally comforting. I cannot take seriously Sergius O'Shaugnessy, Mailer's narrator-hero, but I suspect that the author does and that he really means that "to have heard that sex was time and time the connection of new circuits was a part of the poor odd dialogues which give hope to us noble humans for more than one night." Whether this summary of *The Deer Park* is a critical understanding or misunderstanding will not change the fact that, aside from some successful comedy, the play is dull, sentimental, and flatulent.

The comedy lies primarily in the character of Herman Teppis, the caricature of a studio head, who—particularly as Will Lee plays him—suggests Louis B. Mayer, at least the Mayer that Lillian Ross invented. It is not surprising that Teppis, the most memorable character in the novel, should become the commanding figure on stage. Mailer uses him not only in extended scenes, as in the novel, but also in brief verbal spots sometimes no more than a sentence long, garbled platitudes that work like revue one-liners: lights up, joke, comic expression, blackout.

Since Teppis spends most of the evening on a platform above the action, sitting on a throne (which turns out to be a throne in the slang sense of the word), Mailer presumably intends to suggest some kind of God-king-studio head analogy, but the character works primarily as relief. Lee plays him very broadly and endearingly, which surely must not be the intention; but he is funny, and whenever the lights went down on him and up on still another of the passion-and-palaver sequences, I wanted to cry out, in Teppis's words, "Let's not get off the sidetrack."

As for the troubles on the main track, they have to do with both the subject matter and Mailer's conception of a play. In the *Times* article, he talked about traditional plot as though it were a kind of intellectual spoon-feeding, the playwright's way of leading a shy audience to that last big scene. "Why not," he asked, "write a play which went from ex-

plosion to explosion . . . from one moment of intensity or reality . . . to the next—a play which went at full throttle all the way." Had he *really written such a play, the result* might have been exciting, but would surely have been self-defeating: when there are no non-explosions to measure the explosions by, the pow-pow-pow turns into a hum.

Not counting the mechanical attempts at artificial respiration by means of flashing lights and ringing bells, Mailer uses three kinds of "explosions": comic, verbal, and dramatic. The first kind works because the lines are funny and the caricatures easily recognizable. The second fails because it involves extended speeches, sometimes metaphorical, that build to one of the four-letter words which many of us use casually in ordinary conversation and which the actors at the de Lys speak as though they were surrounded by exclamation points.

The dramatic scenes fail primarily because of that old devil plot. For all his avowals, Mailer has retained the three main plots of the novel, although Sergius's search for a soul and the romantic and studio problems of Lulu Meyers, movie star and sex symbol, have been moved to the periphery so that Charles Francis Eitel can take center stage with his artistic and political struggle, seen obliquely through his affair with Elena. While Mailer uses the devices of non-naturalistic theatre, his dramatic scenes—those moments of intensity—are apparently supposed to work realistically. They cannot do so because the scenes depend for their power not on what is immediately happening but on the people to whom it is happening, and Mailer never creates those people. If the scenes were to be simply a dance of masks, that might be acceptable; but they seem to be inviting us to be touched, to be moved, even to be annoyed. In his attempt to give the characters validity, Mailer moves great hunks of expositional material from the novel to the play, taking thoughts from his characters' minds and putting them into their mouths, where they certainly do not belong. The result is extended self-analysis—played often at a shrill whine—so clumsy that it makes the psychological plays of the 1950's seem austere and guarded. *The Deer Park* is stocked with garrulous stick figures.

The art, the politics, and the sex in the play are no more believable than the characters. In the first two instances, that is because the play is a period piece passing itself off as a contemporary drama. Mailer updates some of Eitel's problems a bit, but the director is still beset by a Communist-hunting Congressional committee and an industry blacklist and he is still the willing victim of a studio system that is at once an oppression and a comfort. Mailer must have been aware that most of the play's overtones were from the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mid-1950's, for there is a note in the program explaining that the play is set in an unspecified time that "offers us echoes of all the decades." Even though the old Hollywood studio system is dead and the old Hollywood blacklists whitewashed, there is no reason why these images cannot seem relevant today (as they do when one rereads the novel), but in a play that is vaguely set in the right-now they are hardly believable villains.

The difficulty with the sex is not that it is old-fashioned, which it is, but that it is a sentimental bore. Almost everyone in the play goes on and on and on about who is good with whom and how. Yet the mechanics are not specified but clucked over lyrically: "Charley, you're the king." Not that so much talk about sex would be any less boring if details were supplied, but at least it might sound less like a ladies'-magazine view of the lurid life. Kathleen Norris is not dead; she's alive in Norman Mailer.

WAIT a minute. Maybe I did understand Mailer too quickly. There are two movie scripts in *The Deer Park*. One is the serious one that Eitel is presumably writing, the story of a TV personality who, driven by compassion, becomes a secular saint who does only harm when he wants to do good. The other is the version of Eitel's script refashioned by a canny producer to fit the presumed market, with an upbeat ending in which the hero becomes a priest against a background of angelic voices. In the novel, Eitel's original script is, in a way, his own story. The revised script may be more important to the play, where the lines from the novel become somehow portentous ("Sergius, what does one ever do with one's life? Are you one of those who know?"), where the malevolent pimp is given conventional motivation, where Eitel is nicely finished off with a heart attack, where Sergius relights the sexual-spiritual torch Eitel has let go out and Sergius has his final talk with God. *The Deer Park* may even be a joke about that type of movie, which would explain why the comedy is obvious and the rest at once unlikely and dull. This is the interpretation that surpasseth understanding.

BOOKS

Definitive Disraeli

GORDON A. CRAIG

DISRAELI, by Robert Blake. *St Martin's Press. $12.50.*

In June, 1834, at a fashionable dinner party in London, the Home Secretary, Lord Melbourne, asked to be introduced to a young man whose flamboyant dress and brilliant conversation had attracted his attention. "Well now," he asked after some talk, "tell me, what do you want to be?" "I want to be Prime Minister," was the answer. Melbourne, who was widely and correctly believed to be in line for that distinction himself, was surprised. "No chance of that in our time," he answered. "It is all arranged and settled. . . . If you are going to enter politics and mean to stick to it, I dare say you will do very well, for you have ability and enterprise; and, if you are careful how you steer, no doubt you will get into some port at last. But you must put all these foolish notions out of your head; they won't do at all."

No one who had overheard the exchange would have been inclined to disagree with this avuncular counsel. The young man was named Benjamin Disraeli. He had achieved a certain notoriety by the extent of his dissipations and his debts, the raffishness of his closest friends, and the studied sensationalism of his novels about London society, which seemed designed—as he cheerfully admitted in the case of *The Young Duke* in 1830—to "complete the corruption of the public taste." When Melbourne met him, he was living openly with another man's wife and devoting himself to the pleasures of the London season. The Home Secretary can be excused for believing that his political potential was not great. But of course he was wrong. Disraeli did indeed become Prime Minister and, in the course of his long public career, stamped his personality upon the popular consciousness more successfully than any other British politician in the nineteenth century, with the exception of his great antagonist William Ewart Gladstone.

The transformation of the dandy of the 1830's, with his exotic ringlets, his redundant watch chains, his bottle-green trousers, and his outrageous mannerisms (which led one acquaintance to describe him maliciously as the "Jew *d'esprit*"), into the leader of a great political party and the statesman who dominated the Congress of Berlin has challenged the talents of many historians and drawn many books from their pens. It is unlikely that these will be much read any longer now that we have Robert Blake's biography. Former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, a Disraeli admirer himself, has described this as "by far the best" study of its subject. One can go further than that. Mr. Blake's painstaking researches into the relatively unknown parts of Disraeli's life and his re-examination of its more familiar aspects, his magisterial destruction of stereotypes and myths that have been accepted or invented by Disraeli's admirers, and, above all, his sovereign command of the political history of the complicated period that stretched from the passing of the Great Reform Bill to the late 1870's make this one of the most rewarding political biographies of recent years.

EARLIER WRITERS have been so overcome by the fascination of Disraeli's character and the brilliance of his correspondence that they have taken him at his own valuation. Mr. Blake is not so easily taken in. He recognizes that many of the difficulties that Disraeli encountered in the early stages of his career were of his own making—that he was, as a good many people suspected, a decidedly shady character. He is equally willing to admit that Disraeli's ultimate success in climbing to the top of the greasy pole was facilitated by forces

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over which he had little or no control—the chaotic state of politics in an age in which the power of the executive over the legislature was declining, the indiscipline of the parties, the breakdown of traditional loyalties under the impact of social necessities, and, not least important, the play of fortuitous circumstances.

It becomes clear from his account, for example, that Disraeli's party affiliation was more the result of chance than of principle and deliberate choice, and that even his emergence as leader of the agrarian opposition to Sir Robert Peel—his first long step to eminence—was in a real sense adventitious. When he walked into the House of Commons on January 22, 1846, to deliver the speech that was to start Peel's downfall, he had had no previous connection with the agricultural interest and had concerted no plans with those who overnight became his allies. "The opportune in a popular assembly," he admitted later, "has sometimes more success than the weightiest efforts of research and reason."

If chance helped Disraeli's rise to leadership, however, substantial gifts of his own assured it. One of these was a desire for fame so insistent that it could not be satisfied by his early social and literary triumphs—"I am one of those," he had written in 1828, "to whom moderate reputation can give no pleasure"—but drew him irresistibly to the world of politics and gave him the fortitude to surmount the first rebuffs and humiliations that he experienced there. A second was his oratorical brilliance, a compound of hyperbole, satire, invective, and grandiloquence that was capable of captivating and delighting the House. But even more important than these was his instinctive understanding that the heart of the political process is power, an understanding that was shared by the greatest of his continental colleagues, Otto von Bismarck, but was not widely appreciated in English politics before Disraeli's time.

In a provocative analysis of this aspect of his subject's thinking, Mr. Blake points out that both Sir Robert Peel and his successor as leader of the Tory Party, the Earl of Derby, spent long years in opposition without any apparent desire to wrest control of the government from the ruling party, placidly judging its proposals on their merits and thus collaborating in their own exclusion from political responsibility. This attitude was completely alien to Disraeli's temperament. He was, Mr. Blake writes, "perhaps the first statesman systematically to uphold the doctrine that it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose. . . . Whatever proposal the Government put forward, whatever its merits, you could always find something wrong with it, some reason for attack. In the end, if you went on long enough, you would beat them in the House, or at the very least put yourself in position to beat them at the next general election. . . . To Disraeli the object of politics was power, and he never forgot it."

This philosophy of opposition, which is taken for granted today, Disraeli put into practice in the difficult years after 1846 when, having helped bring Peel down, he found himself as the leader in the House of Commons of a disorganized party largely composed of mute or incoherent landholders. "For long years," Mr. Blake writes, "he stood alone, trying to answer most of the great orators of the day ranged against him on the opposite benches. His tongue-tied colleagues . . . could give him little support. . . . But he never faltered, never surrendered, never failed in resource, eloquence and ingenuity." The courage that sustained this prolonged effort and the fact that, in an age of amateurs, Disraeli was a professional politician, methodically mastering the rules of procedure and debate, made him indispensable to the Tories. When his parliamentary virtuosity in the debate over the Reform Act of 1867 brought them the kind of victory that they had not enjoyed in years, the distrust that had always marked their attitude toward him abated and the way was prepared for his accession to the position of Prime Minister when the party was next swept into office in 1874.

If Disraeli taught his party the necessity of seeking power and the way in which to acquire it, did he have any firm convictions about the uses to which it should be put? Mr. Blake is reluctant to make extensive claims on this point, confining himself to the statement that "in his curiously intuitive way" Disraeli sensed that social reform and imperialism were what the newly enfranchised class expected from Parliament and that he gave them what they wanted. This leaves the impression of mere opportunism. Yet, in one of his most interesting chapters, which deals with *Conings-by, Sybil,* and *Tancred,* Disraeli's novels of the 1840's, he argues that these works showed that Disraeli belonged, at least at the time of their composition, "to the same strand in nineteenth-century English thought as Coleridge and Carlyle, the romantic, conservative, organic thinkers who revolted against Benthamism and the legacy of eighteenth-century rationalism."

If this is so, it is difficult to believe that he jettisoned this philosophy later on and that there is no connection between his early views and his policies as Prime Minister. His foreign policy would certainly seem to have been motivated in part by the desire to appeal to a native idealism that was being thwarted by the prevalent materialism of the age and the timidity and vacillation of Gladstone's Little England policy. And surely it was no accident that the man who argued in *Sybil* that the gulf between rich and poor could not be explained away by the sophistries of Manchester economics was, as Prime Minister, the author of the most extensive program of social legislation passed by any single government in the course of the nineteenth century.

There are many good things in Mr. Blake's book: a more complete and convincing discussion of the part played in Disraeli's life by women than has been available before; a sensible treatment of his relations with the Queen and his views on the role of the Crown in politics; some new insights into the way in which he used patronage; a thoughtful discussion of his foreign policy, which culminates with a brilliant analysis of the Near Eastern crisis of 1877-1878; and some amusing descriptions of Disraeli the man of society, the inveterate diner-out, the sternly critical judge of other people's hospitality, who at one un-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

A major book, modest in its presentation—overwhelming in its implications

The Human Dimension:

EXPERIENCES IN POLICY RESEARCH

by Hadley Cantril

In simple, narrative form, this book describes the author's attempts over many years to inject consideration of psychological factors into the making of crucial government decisions. If full use had been made of the polls conducted by the Institute for International Social Research, which Dr. Cantril heads, the United States might have avoided our 1960 catastrophe in Cuba. Had action been taken on the information acquired by the polls of 1962 in Santo Domingo, the violence of 1965 might well have been prevented.

The book is an urgent invitation to top policy-makers to look at the peoples of the world—through the eyes of the people themselves—by means of a constant and sympathetic use, at all levels of policy-making, of the easily applied techniques he demonstrates.

DR. CANTRIL has been psychological advisor to all but one of the last five administrations. During World War II, he was an expert consultant to the Secretary of War and of the Office of War Information.

$7.50 at bookstores or from

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903

fortunate table commented when the champagne arrived, "Thank God for something warm!" But this biography will be remembered and reread less for these things than for the picture of Disraeli the practical politician, the parliamentary strategist, and the educator of his party—the man, indeed, who, more than any other single individual, remade the Conservative Party and prepared it for the challenges of a new age.

Redeemer's Downfall

TIBOR SZAMUELY

THE RISE AND FALL OF KWAME NKRUMAH: A STUDY OF PERSONAL RULE IN AFRICA, by Henry L. Bretton. *Praeger. $5.95.*

If one thinks of Kwame Nkrumah as he is today—cooped up in the dingy African backwater of Conakry, irritably memorizing French irregular verbs—it is hard to recall the fine figure he cut such a short while ago: strutting around the world stage, lecturing the Americans, telling off the British, hectoring, admonishing, mediating. Poor old Napoleon III after Sedan, weeping into the antimacassars at Chislehurst, must have been a bit like Nkrumah today—only at least he did not have to take up a beastly foreign language. Yet one cannot really see the ex-Osagyefo as hero of a Greek tragedy, brought low by his own hubris. Even at the height of his glory there was always something comical about him and his ridiculous pretensions, his absurd ideology, his preposterous writings. Most comical of all were the cohorts of social scientists, Africanologists, and professional anticolonialists who devoted weighty treatises to solemn scholarly analyses of fraudulent achievements and nonexistent social revolutions. How Nkrumah and his gang must have laughed at the gullibility of the western academic community and the whole progressive establishment!

Now comes the reckoning. Since it has manifestly and ignominiously collapsed, the truth about Nkrumah's régime can at last be told without the narrator running the risk of being branded a fascist hyena or, at the very least, a white supremacist. But what a vast volume of utterly worthless printed matter there is to be got rid of first! How many high-handed theories will have to be demolished, how many categorical statements disowned, college textbooks scrapped, words eaten! Never since the halycon days of that genial realist Uncle Joe Stalin and that simple agrarian reformer Mao Tse-tung have so many progressive bets been placed on the wrong horse.

Henry L. Bretton is first off the mark with a reasoned re-evaluation of Nkrumah's career. Although his book bears some inevitable traces of haste, it is thoroughly researched and contains the essential facts—as we know them today—of this instructive and cautionary tale. Both Professor Bretton and his publishers deserve praise for the speed with which they have given us a highly topical work.

Professor Bretton is particularly good in his description of the consecutive stages in Nkrumah's seizure of full power, and of the mechanism evolved to that end. The sedateness of his narrative serves very well to set off the atmosphere of Marxian (Groucho, not Karl) lunacy of Kwame's fantastic court, with its East European Communist *apparatchiki*, western fellow travelers, ex-Nazis, crooked businessmen, polyglot adventurers, soldiers of fortune, witch doctors, half-baked philosophers, and indigenous veranda boys. For some, Ghana represented a way of getting rich quick; for others it was a revolutionary bridgehead in Africa; none of them cared tuppence for the country or its unfortunate inhabitants. And presiding over the whole motley crew, the corrupt, cunning, and tyrannical pseudo-revolutionary Redeemer, His Messianic Dedication Dr. Kwame Nkrumah.

Professor Bretton provides his readers with rich and varied entertainment merely by quoting some of the fatuous statements made over the years by left-wing pundits of impeccable academic reputation. His examples prove quite convincingly that western public opinion has been systematically misinformed regard-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the true nature of developments in Africa. What most experts have fed us are "antiseptic" analyses, in which "mismanagement, corruption, in fact, the subject of money itself, are omitted from discussions of governmental systems; examples of inconsistency, irrationality and caprice are ignored or undervalued; any economic or social malfunction of systems is given short shrift. Everything develops; nothing decays." This is a grave indictment. We can only hope that the inglorious debacle of Nkrumahism will help restore some semblance of realism to the picture.

THUS it is all the more regrettable that Professor Bretton himself, while opposed to much of the recent mendacious and woolly-minded thinking on Africa and the Third World, still adheres uncritically to certain other no less fallacious and indefensible dogmas. One such is the thesis of the Evil Heritage of Colonialism, habitually used to justify every post-independence enormity. Professor Bretton can find nothing good to say about the British record in West Africa: for him it boils down only to "crass materialism, cultural vacuity and social vulgarity, cynicism and unbridled pragmatism, all seasoned with racialism—the black races being treated as genetically unfit for self-rule." Moreover, in accordance with the time-honored American anti-colonialist legend, he saddles Britain with a large share of the responsibility for the Nkrumah régime: "A more or less determined effort was made, behind a smokescreen of constitutionality, to extend to the African successor régime not the heritage of the Westminster model of parliamentary democracy but the authoritarian features of the colonial administration."

These statements have no factual support whatsoever and are based on nothing but Nkrumah's say-so. To refute them, I should like to quote a much more representative and unbiased African opinion, that of Colonel A. A. Afrifa, one of the organizers of Nkrumah's overthrow: "[We] inherited wonderful traditions from the British, traditions of integrity, fair play and above all honour. . . . At the attainment of independence, the British handed over to us a decent system of government in which everyone had a say."

A more general defect of the Bretton book is the author's unwillingness to take up an unequivocal position with regard to the nature of the Nkrumah dictatorship. The furthest he goes is to call it "personal rule." But what is "personal rule"? Does he mean the "personal rule" of a Bonaparte, an Atatürk, a Batista, a Tubman, a Hitler, or a Stalin? The concept is too all-embracing to carry much meaning, and one would expect a social scientist to be more specific in his analysis. The phenomenon of Nkrumahism should be placed within the spectrum of twentieth-century totalitarian politics, where it rightly belongs, for all its ludicrous inefficiency and general air of disorganized rascality.

In view of the insufficient evidence at his disposal, Professor Bretton exercises a proper caution in dealing with some of the trickier aspects of Nkrumahism. Thus, on the key issue of racism he can hardly say more than "it seems entirely plausible" that Nkrumah "would have turned into a racist in time." Had Professor Bretton had the opportunity—enjoyed by the present writer—of working for some time within that "Mecca of Nkrumahism," the Kwame Nkrumah Ideological Institute at Winneba, he would have discovered that its ideologues were in fact propagating a virulent brand of black racism.

Despite these defects, this book is a worthwhile contribution to the study of contemporary politics. The ex-ruler of Ghana is not in himself a particularly important or imposing figure: he is significant only as the prototype of the new breed of Afro-Asian dictator that suddenly emerged from the postwar dissolution of European overseas empires. Nkrumah's régime displayed all the characteristic features of this unlovely species: the cult of the "charismatic leader"; absolute dictatorship disguised as the rule of a nonexistent party; appropriation of the country's resources by a corrupt ruling group under the guise of socialism; elimination of liberties, civil rights, and legal guarantees; the vicious spiral of ever-increasing police terror; massive incompetence and insane spending on expensive and irrelevant status symbols; an "ideol-

Can anything be done about our foreign policy? JAMES P. WARBURG says YES.

"This is the kind of sensible plain talk that the American people, Senators included, hear far too little of."
—SENATOR JOSEPH S. CLARK (Dem.-Pa.)

"A remarkable book, to be read slowly and to be fully digested."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"Should be hailed as constructive criticism; its recommendations for the future should be carefully considered."
—*Denver Post*

"Tightly reasoned, objective and at the same time sharply critical, this is a useful and provocative book."—*Virginia Kirkus' Service*

"Jim Warburg is in the great tradition of the 18th-century pamphleteers who did so much to form American opinion."
—ADLAI E. STEVENSON

THE UNITED STATES IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

What We Have Done, What We Have Left Undone, and What We Can and Must Do

By James P. Warburg

$6.50, now at your bookstore

Atheneum

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ogy" composed of incongruous snatches of Communism, fascism, and racism. The trouble is that the guilt-ridden, self-hating western intellectual can only bring himself to admit these facts in the case of the already deposed dictator—the Nkrumah or Sukarno. The others remain beacons of light, hope, and progress —until given the push by their loving subjects. Surely we would do much better by the long-suffering peoples of Africa and Asia if we were to recognize some of the present-day Nkrumahs for what they really are, without waiting for their inevitable downfall.

Hot and Cold Societies

ROBERT SKLAR

THE SAVAGE MIND, by Claude Lévi-Strauss. *University of Chicago. $5.95.*

Anthropology is the science of humanity, but it is also an art—a magic art that holds up strange and distant worlds as mirrors to our view so we may recognize our own distinctive traits the better. Sir James Frazer and the first generation of anthropologists, by displaying the primitive customs of savage tribes, showed European civilization how sophisticated it was, how far advanced along the path of evolution. Ruth Benedict and a later generation discovered the immense diversity of human cultures, so we could see how relative were our culture's values, how equal to all others. Readers of *The Savage Mind* should be prepared to see an image of their own civilized minds reflected from this portrait—and not a flattering one.

The Savage Mind, the fourth of Claude Lévi-Strauss's anthropological works translated into English, is at once the most philosophically provocative and the most obscure. Lévi-Strauss, who is professor of anthropology at the Collège de France and is recognized as the most original and influential of living anthropologists, stands in a curious relation to the history of his profession. He is opposed not so much to either the relativism or the evolutionary concern of his predecessors as he is to their common assumption that primitive life is more instinctive, more simple, more natural than life in modern civilization. Rather he asserts that the savage mind is as intellectual, as complex, and as artificial as our own.

IN AN EARLIER WORK, *Totemism*, Lévi-Strauss laid the groundwork for *The Savage Mind* by overthrowing the theory devised by Frazer and other pioneer anthropologists that primitive customs were formed by instincts and emotions, by envy and fear of the natural world. Their theory had been shaped by the belief that primitive institutions were inferior to their own, and the theory helped in turn to justify the belief. Lévi-Strauss suggested instead that an explanation of primitive customs, even the strangest of rites and prohibitions, could be found by tracing their roots to ideas and relations conceived by speculative thought.

Lévi-Strauss's development of this concept through structural anthropology parallels and also owes something to similar movements in structural linguistics. Both fields operate on the conviction that every human mind is capable of intellectual activity, and this belief represents a scientific and an ethical position, a way of studying how languages and cultures are made, and a way of asserting the unity and equality of human life. *The Savage Mind* follows up *Totemism* by documenting Lévi-Strauss's claim and interpreting its meanings for our own lives.

To Lévi-Strauss the distinctive feature of the savage mind is what he calls its "science of the concrete." This is not a primitive version of modern science, he insists, but rather a prior version, a separate, independent form of science that has existed since Neolithic times. It is founded on a passion for order; and it takes the form of exhaustive observation of the environment and systematic cataloguing of relations, which lead to the incredibily precise and subtle discriminations that primitive people can make in such areas as classification and kinship relations.

If savages are so unexpectedly intelligent, why haven't their societies grown and developed like our own? The answer, according to Lévi-Strauss, is that while western societies are "hot" societies, with institutions attuned to history and designed to accelerate change, savage societies are "cold" societies—they have devised institutions to annul the effects of historical change, to maintain an archaic state of development as permanently as possible. That they have not completely succeeded does not diminish the reality of the attempt.

For Lévi-Strauss the effort of savage societies to attain timelessness only emphasizes more clearly how bound by time our own lives are. Modern civilization alone encourages the development of individual identities. In our cultures each person is as separate and unique as, to the savage mind, only a species itself can be. When an individual dies, modern society loses a particular synthesis of ideas and traits as irrevocably as if the world of nature had lost a species, like the rose. Lévi-Strauss suggests that the idea of human personality—"the snare of personal identity"—is a modern myth practiced no less ritualistically than the myths re-enacted by savages.

AT TIMES the reader may suspect that Lévi-Strauss offers such startling insights only with his tongue in cheek. Certainly there is an element of playfulness in his science, but its source lies in the passion for order that he shares with the savage mind. Anthropology in his hands is pre-eminently a "science of the concrete," and his quest for order, form, and logic may lead him into speculative leaps as ingenious and artificial as any the savage mind attains. What concerns him most is his own role as observer and synthesizer, as creator of his own willed form of timelessness and equilibrium. Lévi-Strauss not only holds up a mirror to our view; he invites us to step, as Alice did, through the looking-glass.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Sgt. Bonette in Kansas City tell Yvette in Brussels he still loves her before it's too late? "Via ITT" it's a cinch!

A little melodramatic perhaps, but it's our way of telling you that our new Automatic Switching System routes your international telegrams at new ultra-high speeds.

What we've done is develop an electronic switching system, ADX®, that puts your message on the line at computer speeds, saving valuable time by eliminating manual handling.

When time is vital, even a few minutes saved can mean a lot.

If you're in New York, Washington, San Francisco, Honolulu, Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands, you get this speedy service directly from any ITT World Communications office.

Elsewhere, just write "Via ITT" on every overseas message you file with Western Union Telegraph Company. If you have TWX service, send your telegram to us from anywhere in the U.S.

Through ITT World Communications Inc., we provide all kinds of overseas communications for all kinds of businesses, large or small—as well as for anxious bachelors in Kansas City or anywhere else.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

ITT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

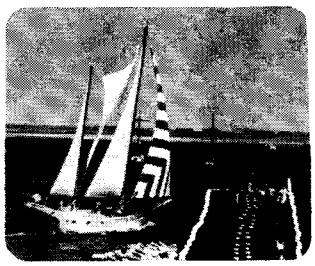
Theatre of the Deaf
NBC Experiment In Television: Nanette Fabray narrates scenes played by deaf actors. Sunday, April 2 (4-5 pm)

Death of a Salesman
Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock in the Arthur Miller drama. Sunday, April 2 (9-11 pm)

The National Science Test
Viewers will learn how scientific they are in relation to everyday experiences. Tuesday, April 4 (10-11 pm)

Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris
The stars of "Your Show of Shows" reunited. Wednesday, April 5 (8:30- 9:30 pm)

A Time for Laughter: A Look at Negro Humor
ABC Stage 67: With Sidney Poitier, Harry Belafonte, Diahann Carroll, Dick Gregory, Godfrey Cambridge, others. Thursday, April 6 (10-11 pm)



Yankee Sails Across Europe
National Geographic Society Special follows American ketch sailing around Europe. Saturday April 8 (8:30-9:30 pm)

Damn Yankees
Phil Silvers, Lee Remick, Jim Backus and Ray Middleton in the musical comedy. Saturday, April 8 (9-11 pm)

Hall of Kings
James Mason traces the 900-year-long history of Westminster Abbey. Sunday, April 9 (4-5 pm)

The Academy Awards
Bob Hope hosts the annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presentation. Monday, April 10 (10 pm to conclusion)

The Investigation
Peter Weiss's controversial drama about the guards at Auschwitz concentration camp. Friday, April 14 (9:30-11 pm) Repeated Sunday, April 16 (3:30-5 pm)

Robert Scott and the Race for the Pole
Saga of Western Man traces the explorer's trek. Monday, April 17 (8:30-9:30 pm)

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein
Three successful young alumni return. Wednesday, April 19 (7:30-8:30 pm)

El Prado: Masterpieces and Music
Bell Telephone Hour: Andres Segovia and other Spanish artists. Sunday, April 23 (6:30-7:30 pm)

Bogart
The life and legend of Humphrey Bogart. Sunday, April 23 (8-9 pm)

The Law and the Prophets
Project 20: Stories from the Old Testament told through religious art. Sunday, April 23 (10-11 pm)

Soldier In Love
Hallmark Hall of Fame: Jean Simmons, Claire Bloom, Basil Rathbone in drama about the Duke of Marlborough. Wednesday, April 26 (7:30-9pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs *Monday through Friday:* **Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester** *Tuesdays:* **CBS News Hour** *Thursdays:* **ABC Stage 67** *Saturdays:* **Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian**—*last broadcast April 8* **/ Animal Secrets**—*last broadcast April 8* **/ Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review / CBS Golf Classic / ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam** *Sundays:* **Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Frontiers of Faith / Issues and Answers / CBS Sports Spectacular / NBA Basketball**—*last broadcast April 23* **/ College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / The 21st Century / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.**

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Take advantage of us.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED